

# TOTAL ECLIPSE

BOOK



FIVE



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The background features a large yellow sun partially obscured by a black wedge representing the moon's shadow, set against a blue and green gradient sky. The title 'TOTAL ECLIPSE' is centered within a white circle.

# TOTAL ECLIPSE

TM



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IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS SILENCE-- THE SILENCE OF EMPTINESS. THE SILENCE OF NON-EXISTENCE, WHEN SPACE WAS AN EBONY SWIRL WITHOUT GLOBES OF LIGHT OR SPARK OF LIFE.

NOW THERE IS SILENCE AGAIN. THE SILENCE OF EMPTINESS. THE SILENCE OF THINGS LOST.

# Finale!

DENNIS FOREMAN  
IS GONE. THE YOUTH  
WHO WAS CALLED  
STRIKE! IS DEAD.

AND THOSE WHO ARE HIS FRIENDS...



... CAN DO LITTLE MORE THAN DWELL IN THE MUCK OF THEIR OWN MORTALITY.



THE TIME FOR GAMES IS LONG GONE. DRESSING UP IN SKIN-TIGHT SPANDEX OR LEATHER, BEING OUTFITTED IN HARNESS OR HELMET, HAS LOST ITS GLITTERY ALLURE.

DEATH IS NOT FUN TO BE FACED WITH QUICK QUIPS AND HOWLS OF LAUGHTER. DEATH CUTS THROUGH THE HEART: PERMANENT LOSS, PERMANENT BETRAYAL.



ROBIN HOOD WAS A LIE. MERRY MEN CUTTING A SWATH OF JOY THROUGH THE FIELDS OF DECEIT. HOW MANY MEN DIED WITH ERROL FLYNN'S LAUGH ON THEIR BLOOD-CAKED LIPS? HOW MUCH EVIL WAS TRULY STOPPED?



SCOTT KIDA'S MIND ROLLS AND ROLLS IN GREY-FOGGED QUESTIONS WITHOUT ANSWERS.

I KEPT WARNING HIM,... WARNING HIM THAT IT WASN'T ALL FUN AND GAMES.

BUT I DON'T THINK HE EVER BELIEVED.



CAN'T YOU SEE, MAN? WE'VE ALREADY LOST!

DENNIS'S FIGHT ISN'T OVER. WE MUST GO ON, LAD.

GO ON, LEO? GO ON?



GO ON FOR WHAT? FOR ANOTHER KID TO DIE IN SOME STUPID FIGHT OF YOURS? DENNIS DIDN'T BELONG. I DON'T BELONG.

WE'RE JUST LEARNING HOW NOT TO BE KIDS ANYMORE, AND THEN YOU GUYS DRESS US UP AND FILL US WITH STORIES AND THEN LET US DIE?



YOU MAKE ME SICK.





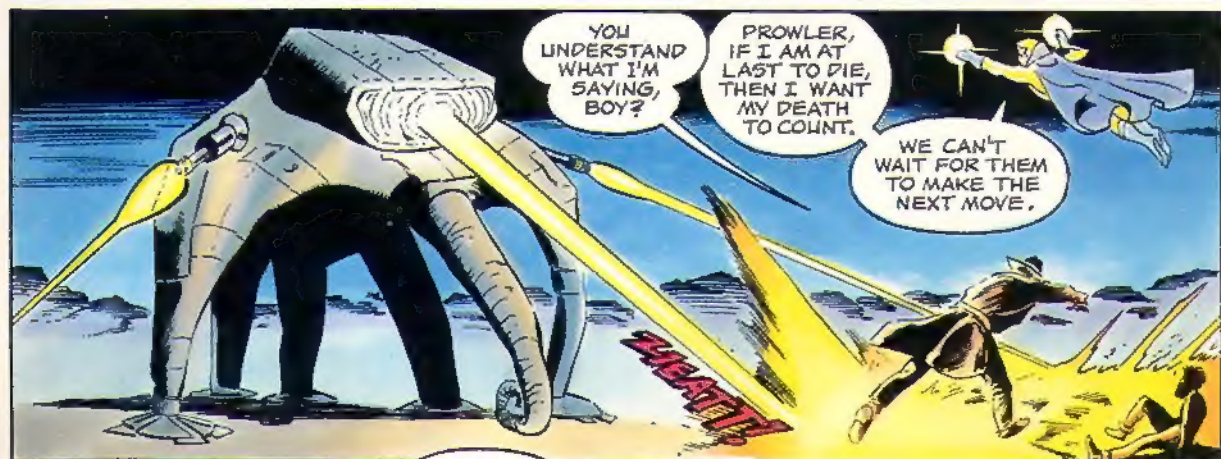
SHUT UP, SCOTT.

NOBODY BROUGHT YOU HERE TO PLAY GAMES.

WE DIDN'T LIE TO YOU--EVEN IF YOU LIED TO YOURSELF.

WE'RE HERE BECAUSE THE WHOLE WORLD MAY DIE, AND MAYBE WE'RE THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO CAN **SAVE** IT.

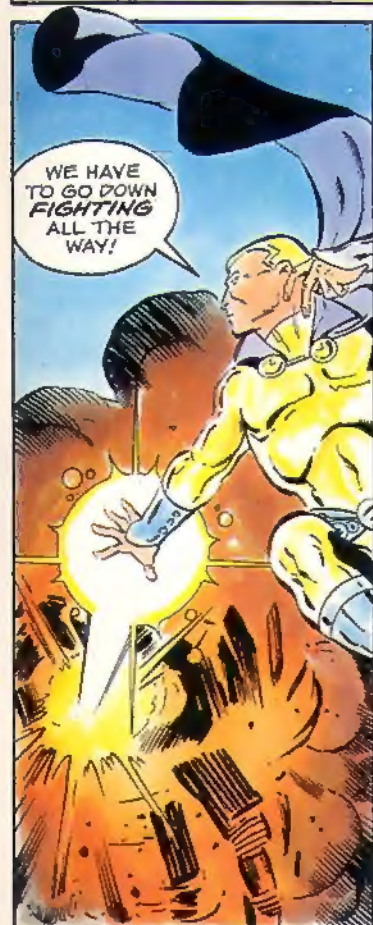
IF IT'S **WORTH** SAVING.



YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING, BOY?

PROWLER, IF I AM AT LAST TO DIE, THEN I WANT MY DEATH TO COUNT.

WE CAN'T WAIT FOR THEM TO MAKE THE NEXT MOVE.



WE HAVE TO GO DOWN **FIGHTING** ALL THE WAY!

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, CHILD. YOU NEED TO MOURN, YET THERE IS NO TIME.

BUT I **PROMISE** YOU--DENNIS WILL **NOT** BE FORGOTTEN.

FOR NOW, FEEL **CALMNESS** IN YOUR HEART.

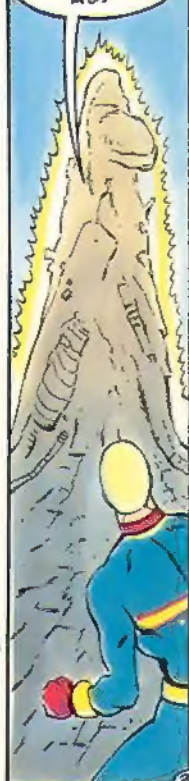
IF WE SUCCEED, LATER YOU CAN **CRY**.

I FEEL SO **BAD** FOR HIM.

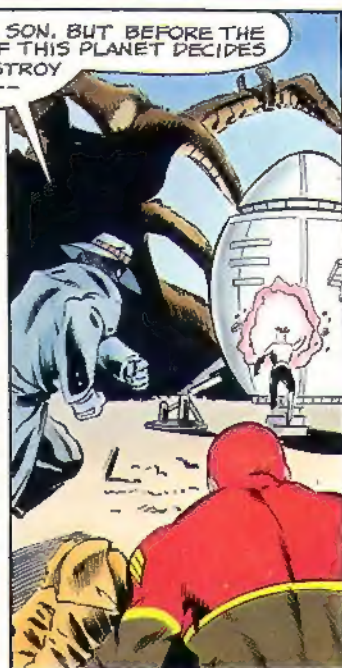
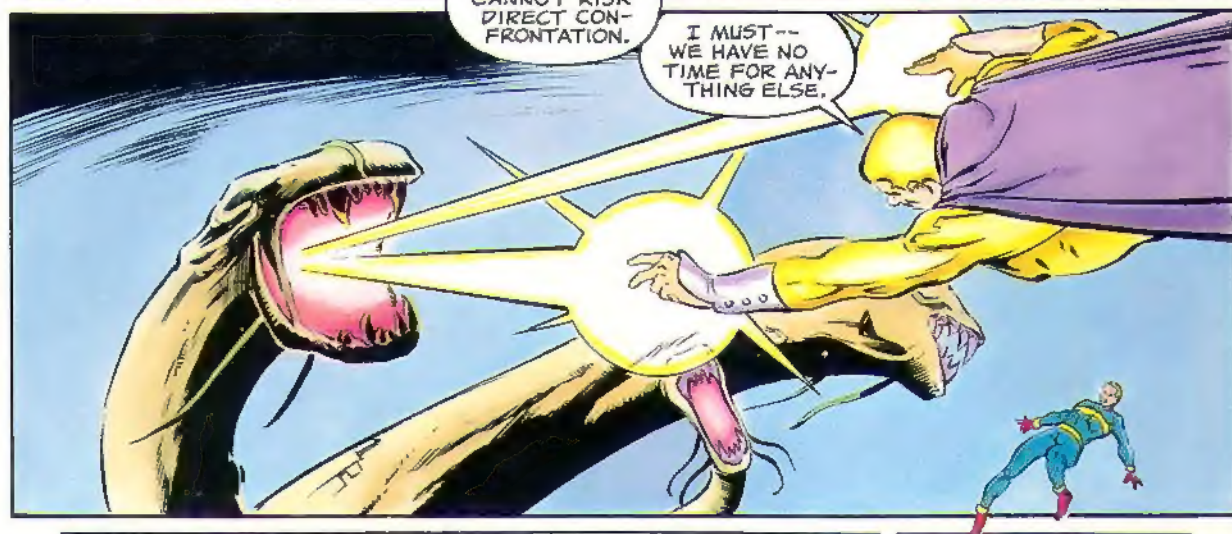
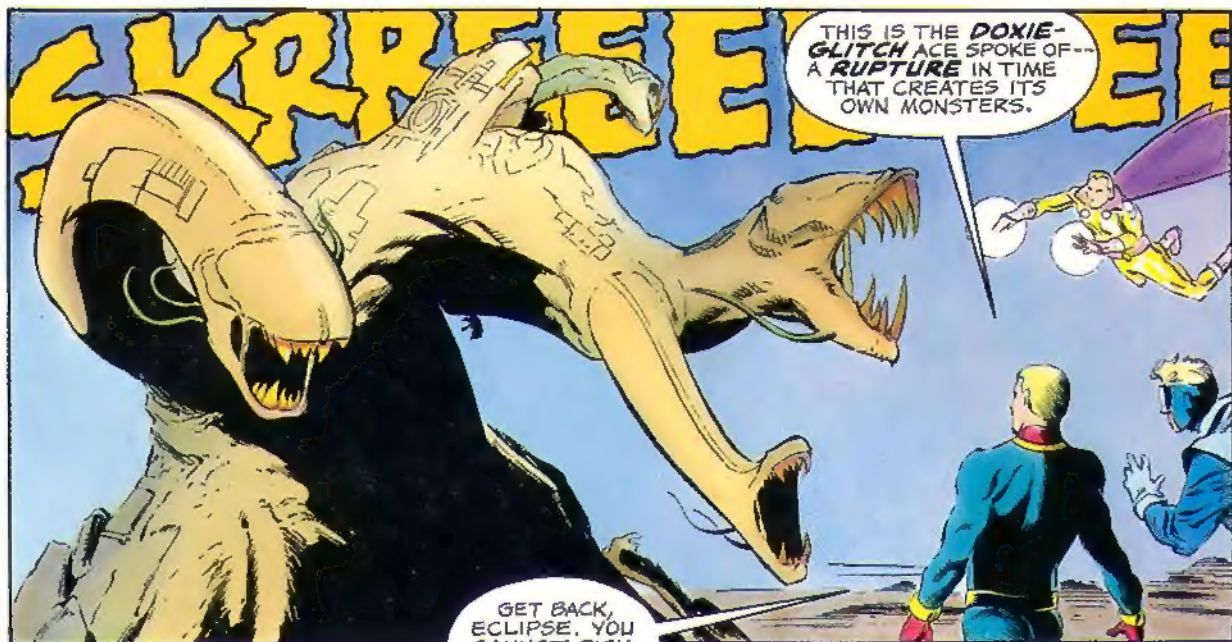
BEANISH, WE **ALL** DO.

BUT ECLIPSE IS RIGHT--WE CAN'T STOP NOW.

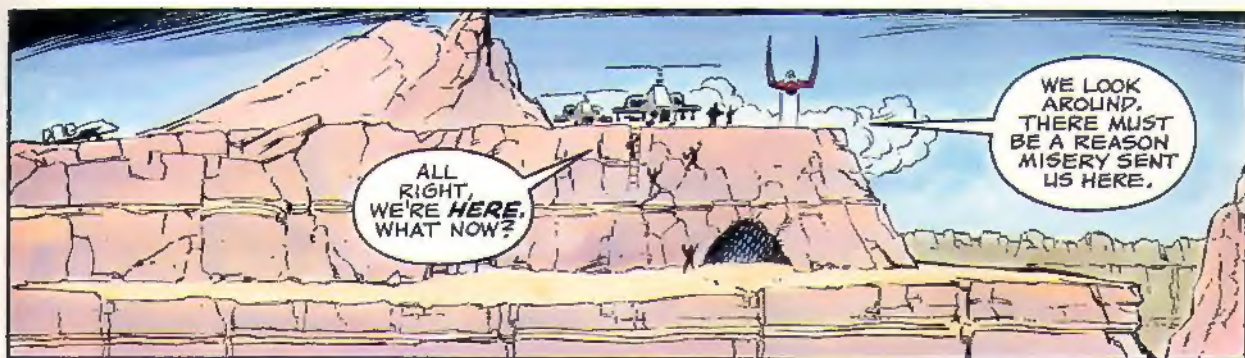
ACE IS CORRECT--THE ENTIRE WORLD SEEMS AGAINST US.





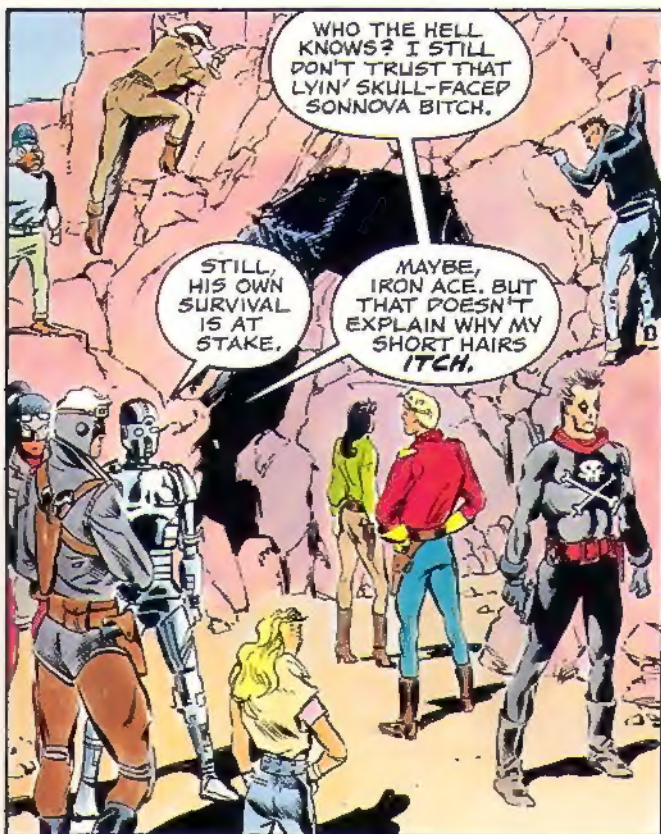






ALL RIGHT, WE'RE HERE. WHAT NOW?

WE LOOK AROUND. THERE MUST BE A REASON MISERY SENT US HERE.



WHO THE HELL KNOWS? I STILL DON'T TRUST THAT LYIN' SKULL-FACED SONNOVA BITCH.

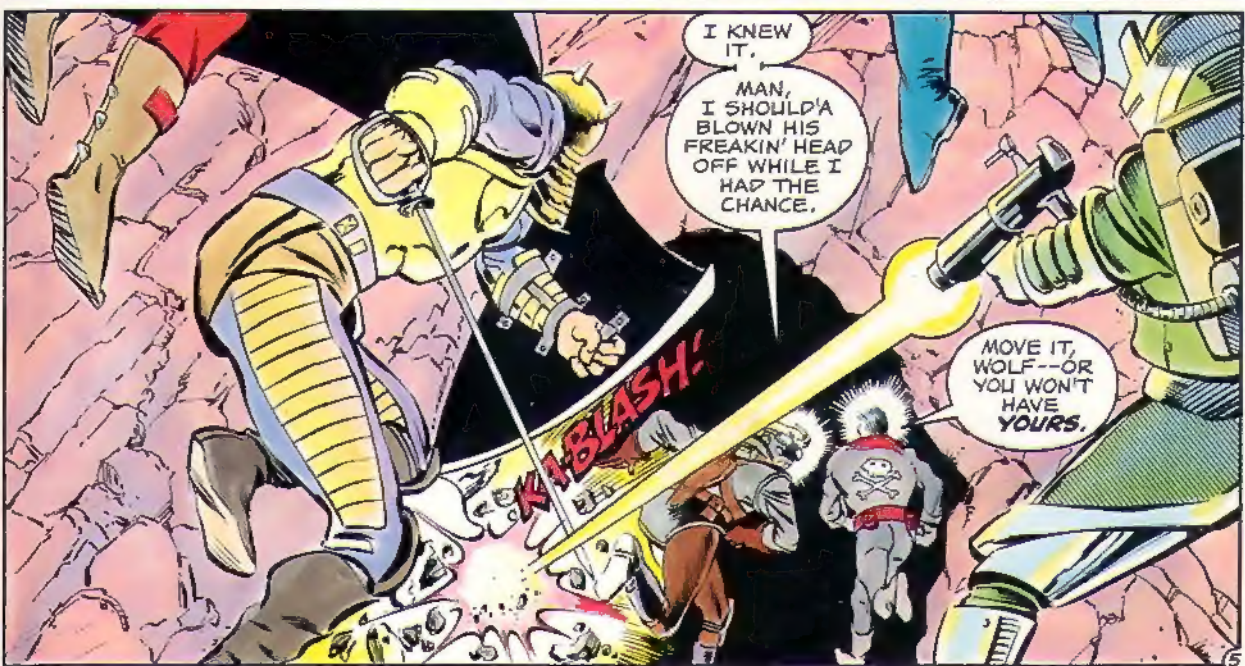
MAYBE, IRON ACE, BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY MY SHORT HAIRS ITCH.

STILL, HIS OWN SURVIVAL IS AT STAKE.



MAYBE THAT'S THE REASON, WOLF--

--IT'S A TRAP!!



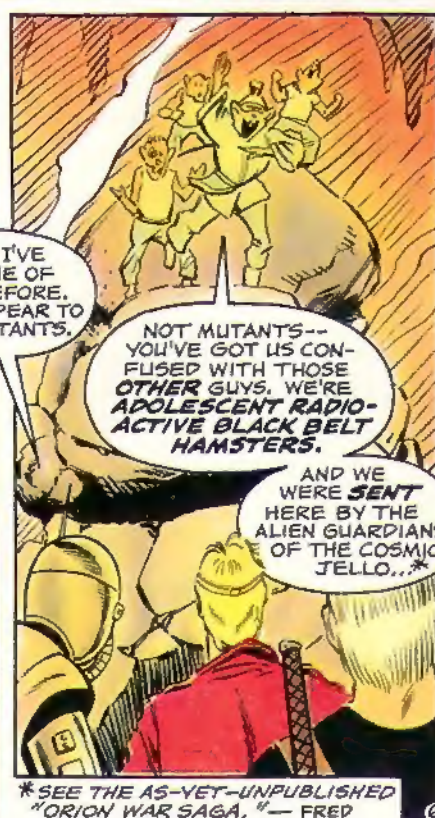
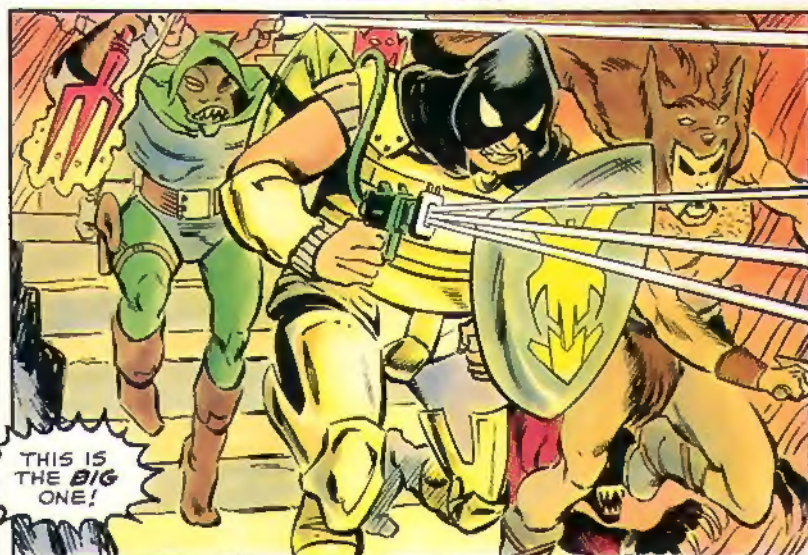
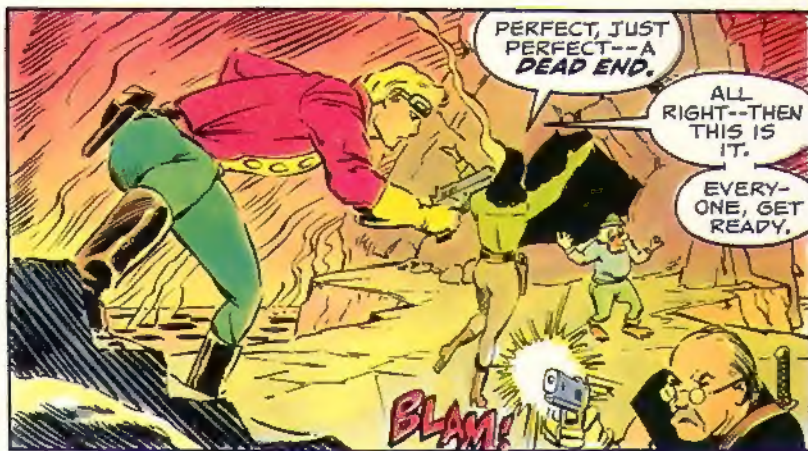
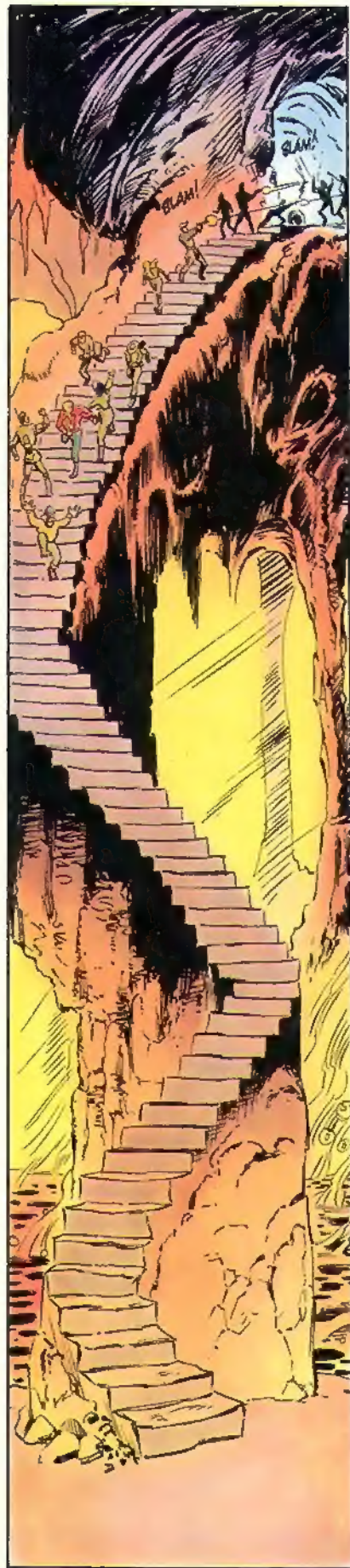
I KNEW IT.

MAN, I SHOULD'A BLOWN HIS FREAKIN' HEAD OFF WHILE I HAD THE CHANCE.

MOVE IT, WOLF--OR YOU WON'T HAVE YOURS.

KABASH!





\*SEE THE AS-YET-UNPUBLISHED "ORION WAR SAGA," — FRED





... BUT JACKIE, BRUCE, CHUCK AND I DON'T LIKE THE ODDS WE'RE SEEING.

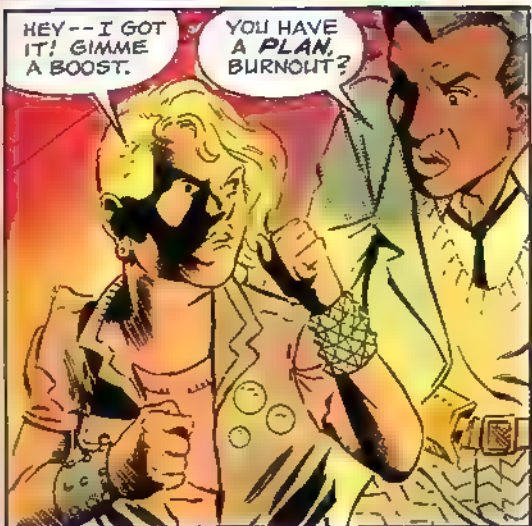
SO, C'MON GUYS-- IT'S RED KNUCKLE TIME.

NOT NINJA, BLACK BELT! SHEESH!

AT LAST WE'RE EVENING UP THE ODDS--

-- EVEN IF OUR SIDE IS COMPOSED OF TALKING DUCKS, BEANS, AND NINJA HAMSTERS.

KABLAM!  
TOWWW!



HEY-- I GOT IT! GIMME A BOOST.

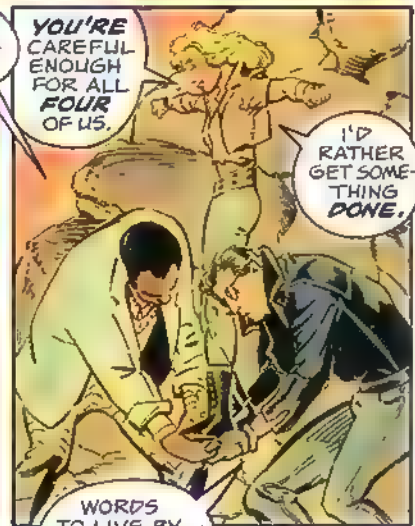
YOU HAVE A PLAN, BURNOUT?



QUIT THINKING, FLAT-TOP-- IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD ON YOU.

BE CAREFUL.

JUST GET ME UP THERE-- FAST!



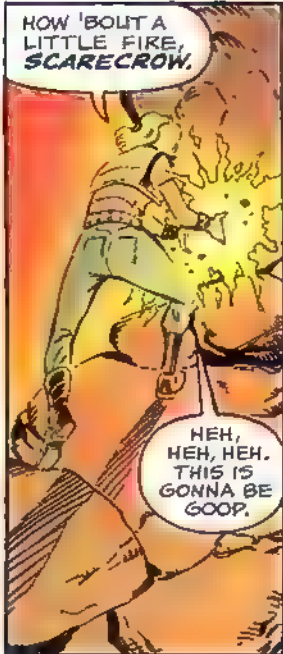
YOU'RE CAREFUL ENOUGH FOR ALL FOUR OF US.

I'D RATHER GET SOMETHING DONE.

WORDS TO LIVE BY-- BUT NOT FOR LONG.



UP, UP AND AWAAAAAYY!



HOW 'BOUT A LITTLE FIRE, SCARECROW.

HEH, HEH, HEH. THIS IS GONNA BE GOOP.

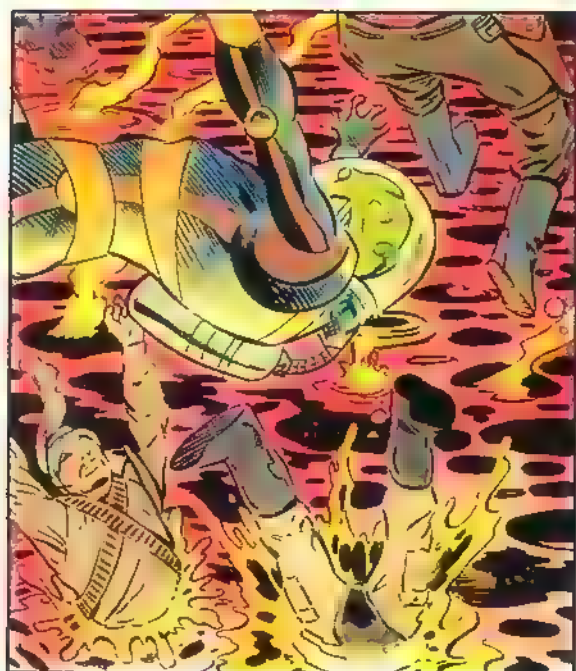
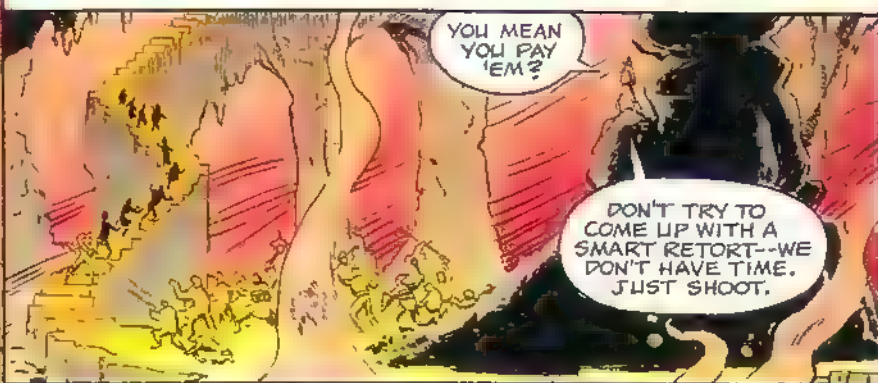


KEEP 'EM BUSY, GUYS.

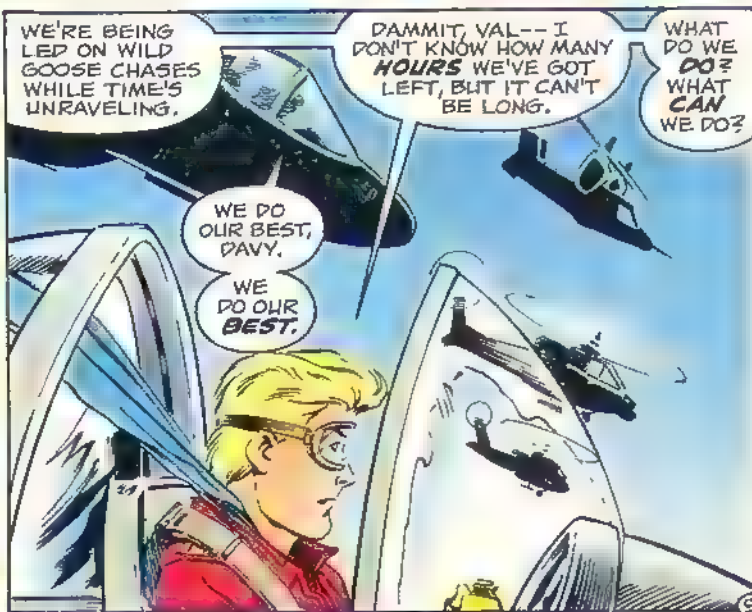
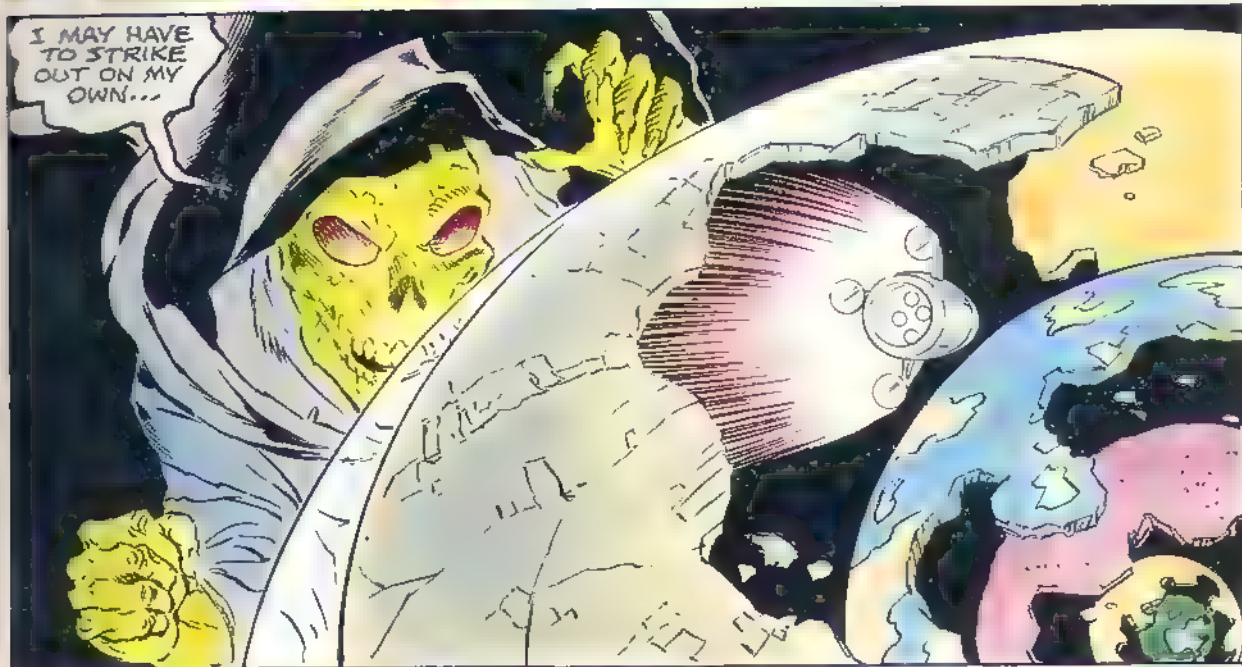
I KNOW WHAT SHE'S UP TO-- BUT SHE'LL NEED A LITTLE TIME.

BOP!

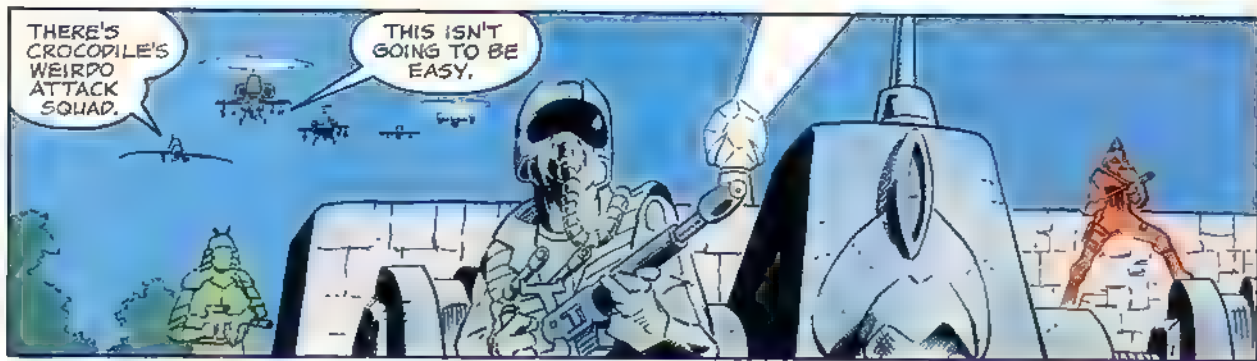






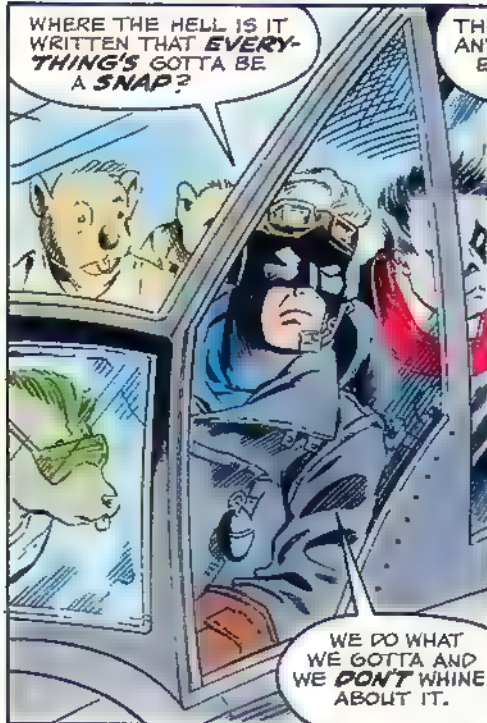






THERE'S CROCODILE'S WEIRDO ATTACK SQUAD.

THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY.



WHERE THE HELL IS IT WRITTEN THAT **EVERYTHING'S** GOTTA BE A **SNAP**?

WE DO WHAT WE GOTTA AND WE **DON'T** WHINE ABOUT IT.

THIS IS **BEYOND** ANYTHING I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE.

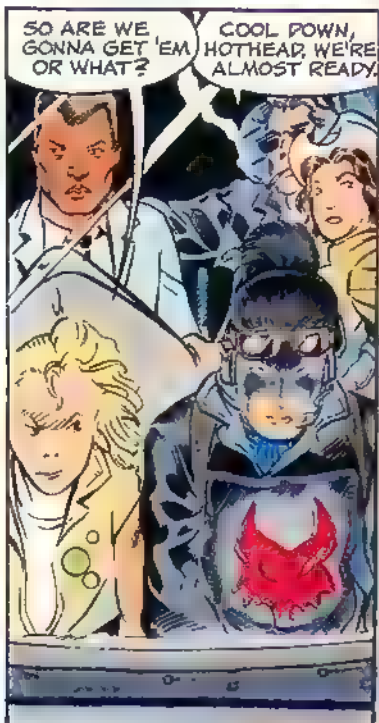
HELL, JUST TALKING WITH **RATS** IS BEYOND ANYTHING I'VE EVER DONE.



YOU SURE YOU AIN'T ONE'A **MANIC'S** PALS?

WHO'S MANIC?

NEVER MIND.



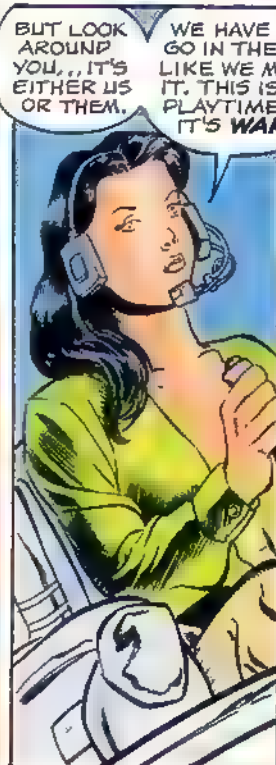
SO ARE WE GONNA GET 'EM OR WHAT?

COOL DOWN, HOTHEAD WE'RE ALMOST READY.



THIS BOTHERS ME... I DON'T LIKE WHAT WE HAVE TO DO.

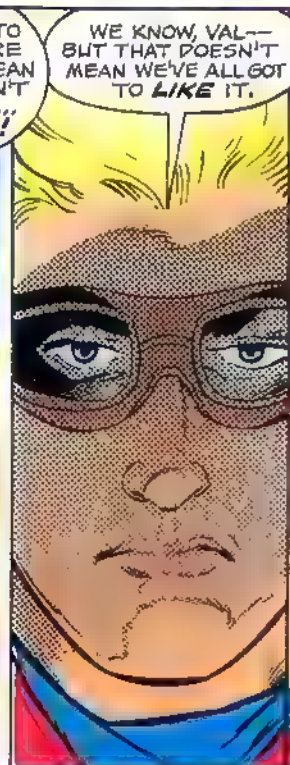
BUT THERE'S NO ALTERNATIVE. NONE THAT I CAN SEE, ANYWAY.



YOU'RE NOT THE **ONLY** ONE CONCERNED CRACKSHOT.

BUT LOOK AROUND YOU... IT'S EITHER US OR THEM.

WE HAVE TO GO IN THERE LIKE WE MEAN IT. THIS ISN'T PLAYTIME... IT'S WAR!



WE KNOW, VAL-- BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN WE'VE ALL GOT TO LIKE IT.



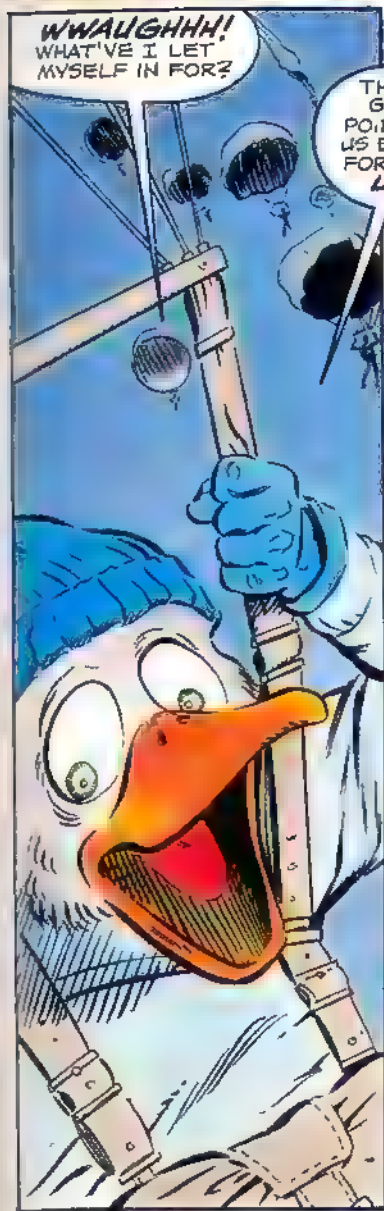
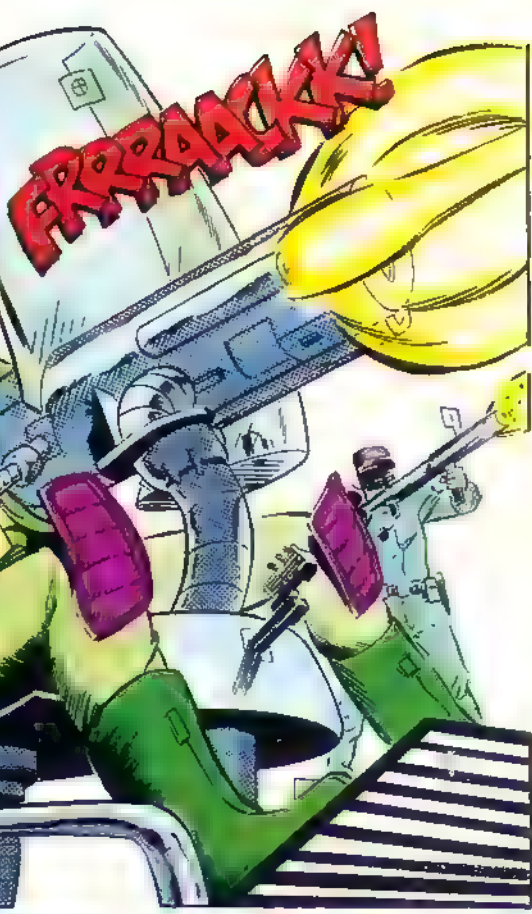
BUT WHAT OTHER CHOICE DO WE HAVE?

OKAY, GUYS-- LET'S **DO** IT!



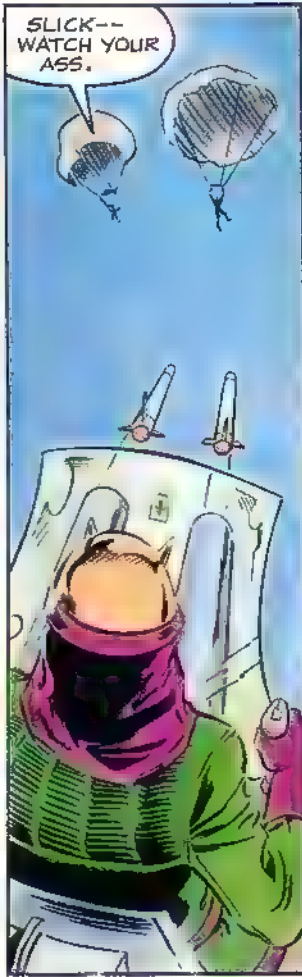


OUR ENEMIES COME.  
FIRE!!

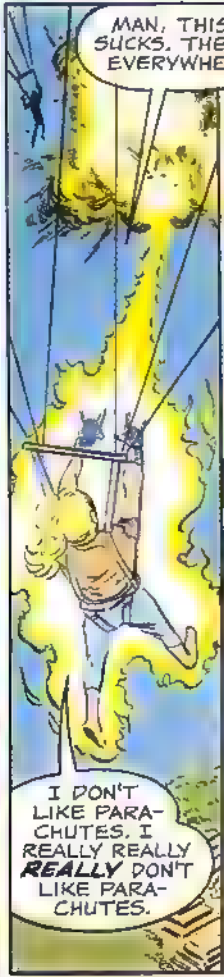


WAAUGHHH!  
WHAT'VE I LET MYSELF IN FOR?

THEY'RE GONNA PO, FERATE US EVEN BEFORE WE CAN LAND!



SLICK--  
WATCH YOUR ASS.



MAN, THIS SUCKS. THEY'RE EVERYWHERE.

I DON'T LIKE PARACHUTES. I REALLY REALLY REALLY DON'T LIKE PARACHUTES.



OH...

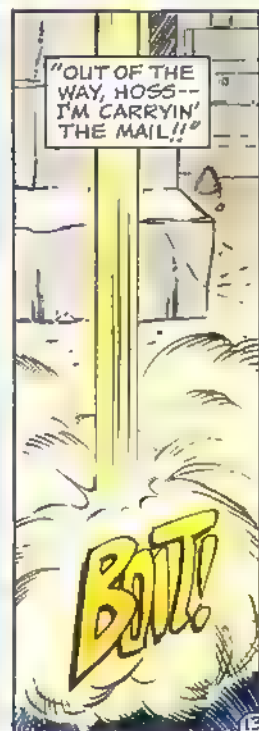
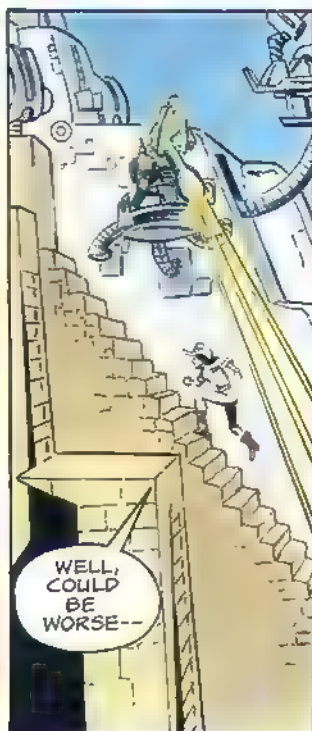
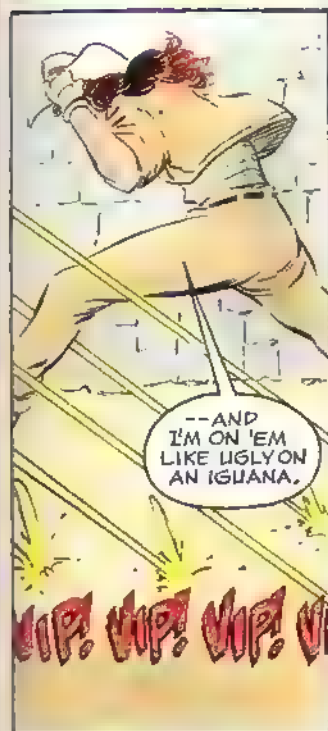
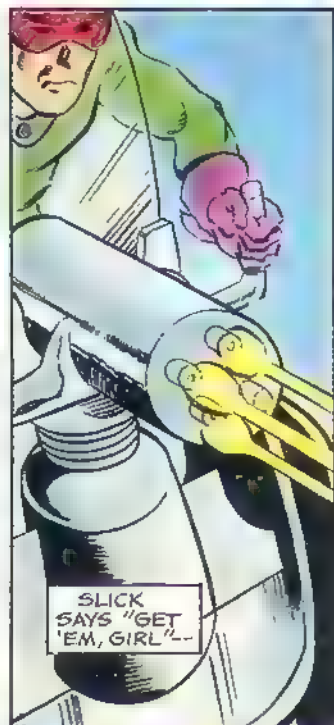
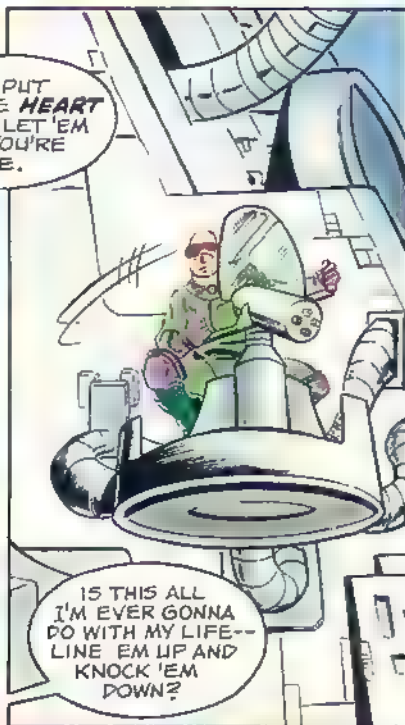
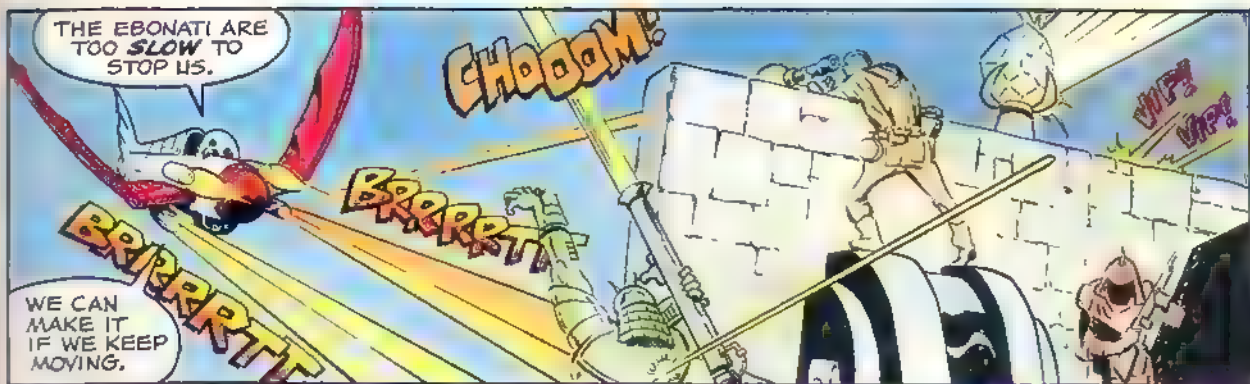


...CRAP...

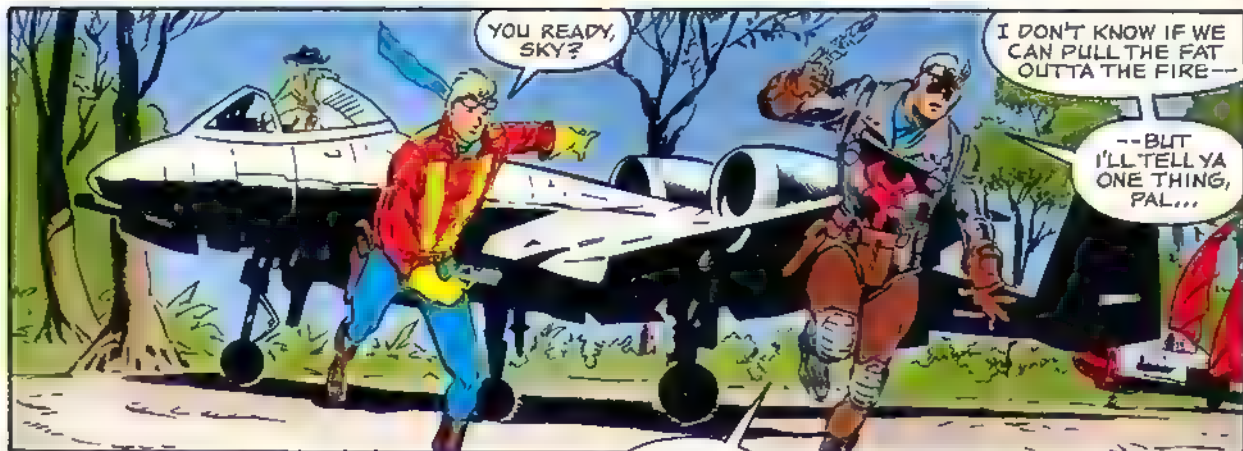












YOU READY, SKY?

I DON'T KNOW IF WE CAN PULL THE FAT OUTTA THE FIRE--

--BUT I'LL TELL YA ONE THING, PAL...



WE'RE NOT GONNA MAKE IT EASY!

IT WOULD BE BEST TO MOVE IN QUICKLY WHILE THEY ARE DISORIENTED.

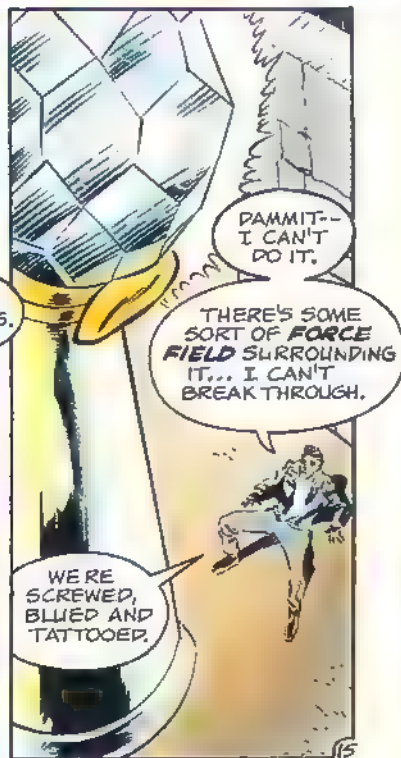
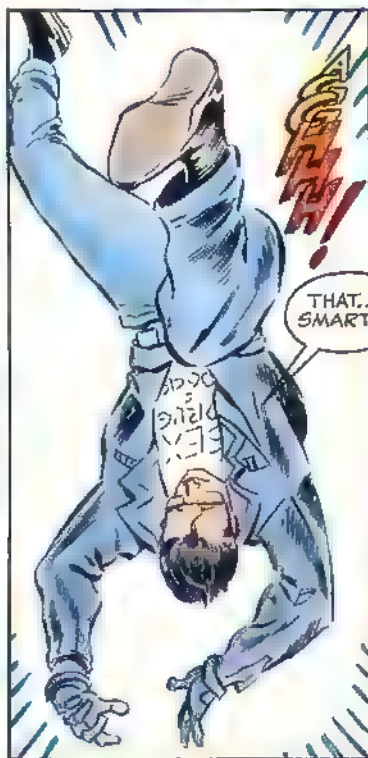
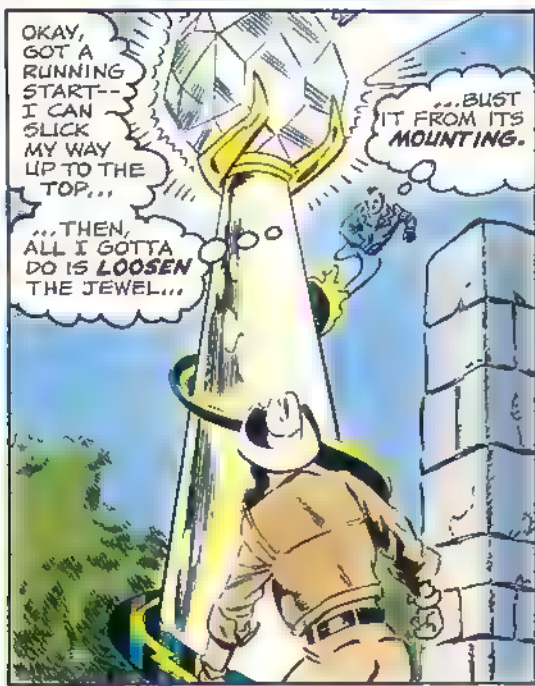
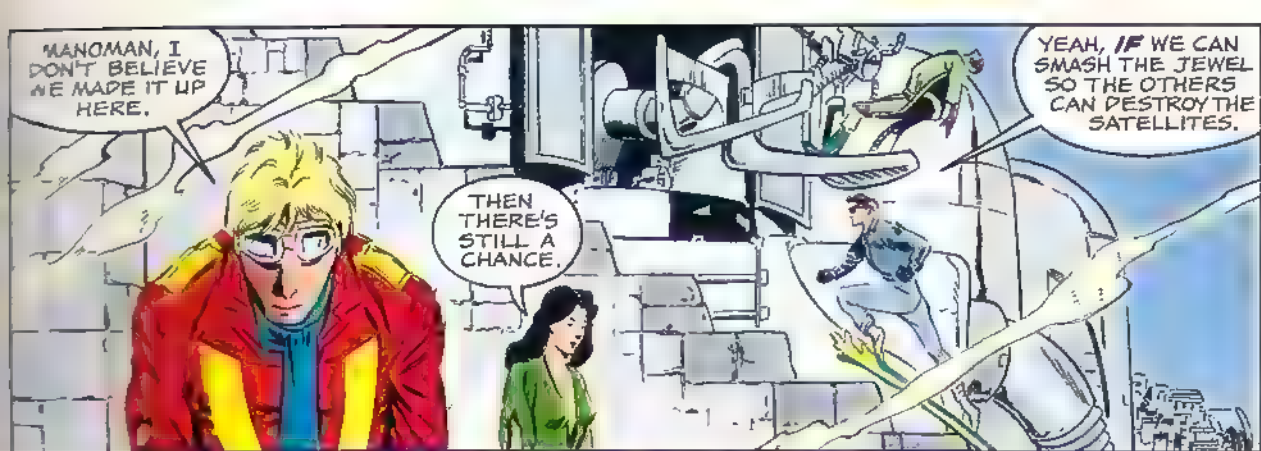
REMEMBER, EVEN CONFUSED, THEY STILL **OUT-NUMBER** US.

MISERABLE STINKIN' LITTLE SCUM!

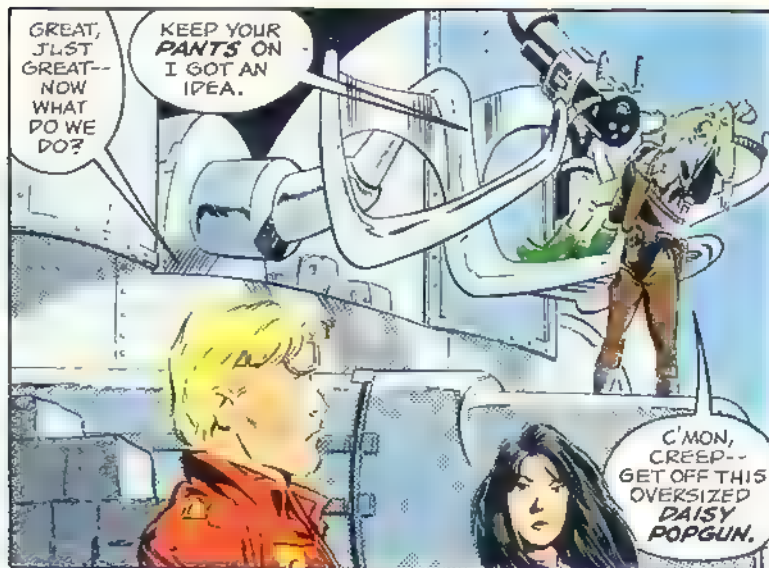
WHAT'RE YOU LOOKIN' AT, CREEP? YOU NEVER SAW A BLACK-BELT DUCK BEFORE?

Houston  
Bray 38









GREAT, JUST GREAT-- NOW WHAT DO WE DO?

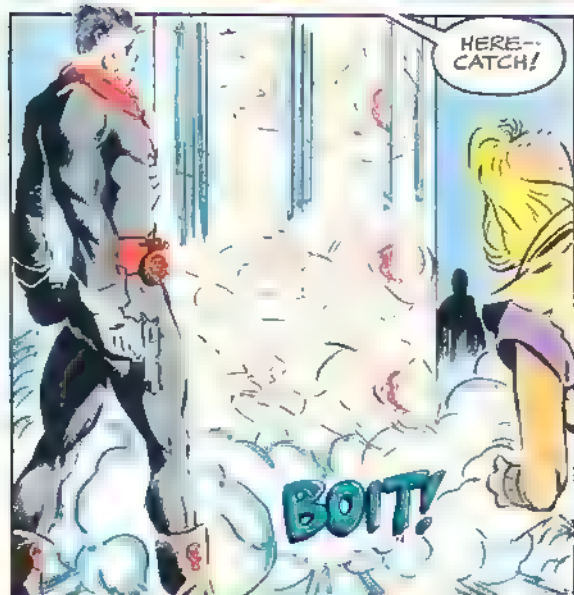
KEEP YOUR **PANTS** ON-- I GOT AN IDEA.

C'MON, CREEP-- GET OFF THIS OVERSIZED **DAISY POPGUN**.



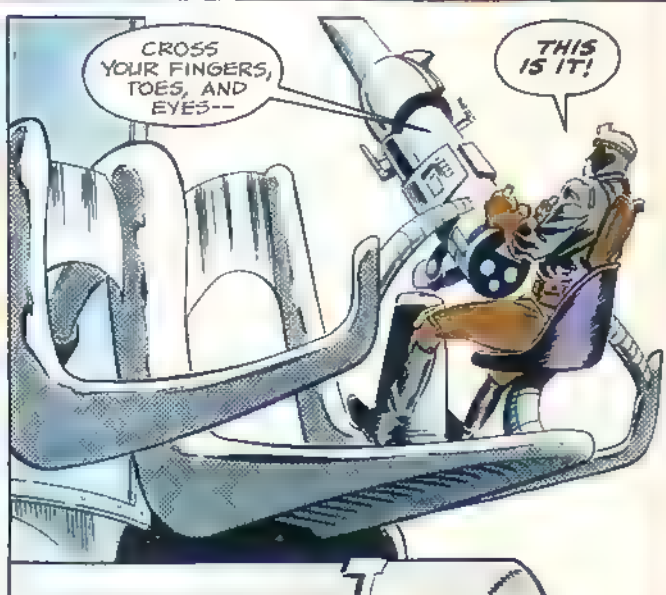
IF WE DON'T HAVE THE POWER TO SMASH THAT **JEWEL**--

--JUST MAYBE **NINE-CROC** DOES.



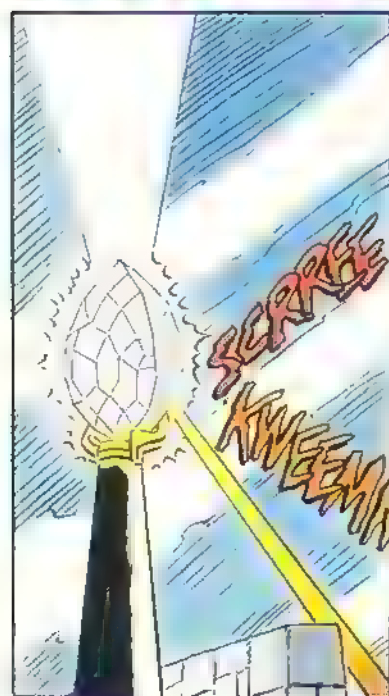
HERE-- CATCH!

**BOIT!**



CROSS YOUR FINGERS, TOES, AND EYES--

**THIS IS IT!**



**SCREECH**  
**KWEEEN**



DAMMIT! NOTHING GETS THROUGH.

WHAT THE **HELL** IS LEFT TO TRY?

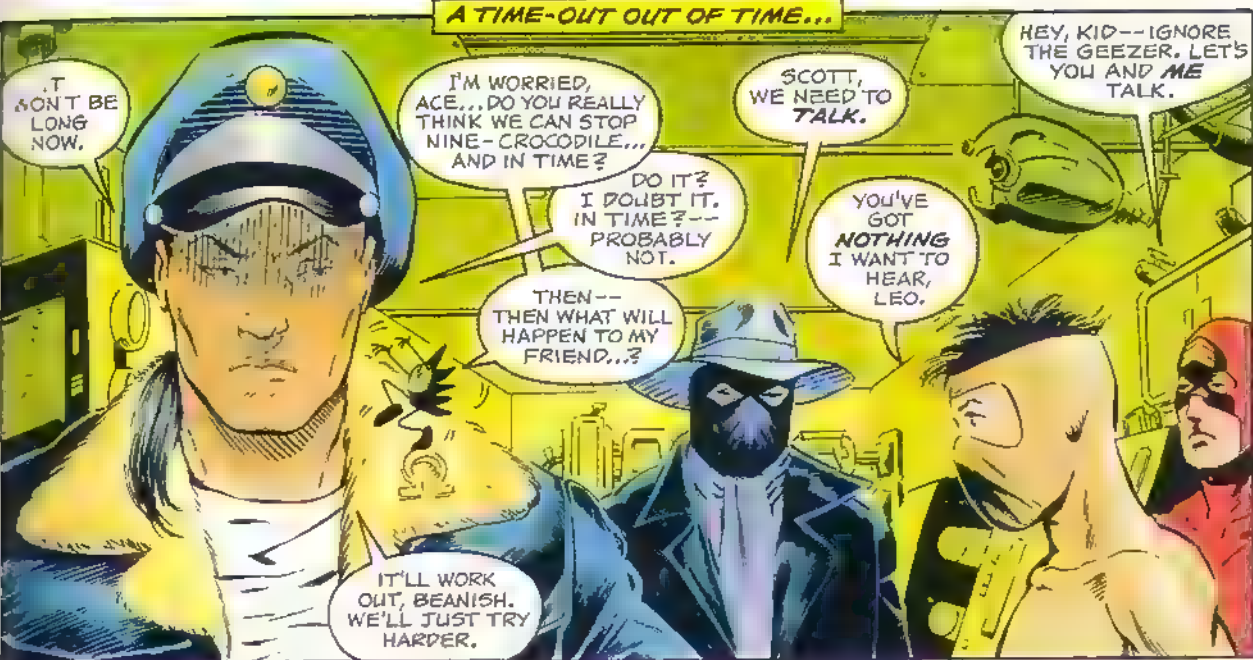


WE MADE IT TO MEXICO, FOUGHT AND WON AGAINST **CROCODILE'S MEN**--

--AND NOW WE'RE **HELPLESS**.

DON'T LOOK AT ME. I JUST HIT THINGS. IF THAT DOESN'T WORK, WE'LL NEED ANOTHER IDEA.





IT  
AON'T BE  
LONG  
NOW.

I'M WORRIED,  
ACE... DO YOU REALLY  
THINK WE CAN STOP  
NINE-CROCODILE...  
AND IN TIME?

DO IT?  
I DOUBT IT.  
IN TIME?--  
PROBABLY  
NOT.

THEN--  
THEN WHAT WILL  
HAPPEN TO MY  
FRIEND...?

IT'LL WORK  
OUT, BEANISH.  
WE'LL JUST TRY  
HARDER.

SCOTT,  
WE NEED TO  
**TALK.**

YOU'VE  
GOT  
**NOTHING**  
I WANT TO  
HEAR, LEO.

HEY, KID-- IGNORE  
THE GEEZER. LET'S  
YOU AND **ME**  
TALK.



LOOK, SARGE. I  
DON'T WANT TO TALK  
TO **YOU**, EITHER. I  
JUST WANTED TO  
GET AWAY FROM  
LEO.

ACCEPTED, YOU  
KNOW I **CARED**  
FOR DENNIS. OH,  
SURE, WE FOUGHT  
LIKE HELL, BUT  
YOU SEE --

-- I **KNEW** WHAT  
THE HARNESS WAS  
DOING TO HIM, SO  
HOW COULD I **BLAME**  
HIM FOR WHAT  
HE SAID?



EVERYONE THINKS I'M **CRAZY**,  
ACTING THE WAY I AM.  
MAYBE DENNIS AND I DIDN'T  
GET ALONG, BUT--

HEY, LOOK AT THE  
**STRIPES** ON MY COWL,  
PAL. I WAS IN THE WAR.  
WHEN I **ENLISTED**, I  
WAS PROBABLY A YEAR  
OR SO **YOUNGER** THAN  
YOU ARE NOW.  
I SAW  
PEOPLE I BARELY  
**KNEW DYING** ALL AROUND  
ME, AND EVERY TIME I  
DID IT MADE ME SICK.  
BELIEVE ME, I UNDER-  
STAND.



BUT I'LL TELL YOU, SCOTT--THERE'S  
NO GUARANTEE YOU'LL MAKE IT  
THROUGH LIFE IN ONE PIECE. YOU  
CAN BUY IT CROSSING THE STREET  
OR HAVING A RADIO FALL INTO  
YOUR BATHTUB.

SO YOU  
JUST GOTTA  
DO WHAT'S  
GOT TO BE  
DONE, AND  
ACCEPT  
WHATEVER  
HAPPENS.



I KNOW  
THAT...I'M **NOT**  
STUPID. IT'S  
JUST THAT  
DENNIS'S DEATH  
**SCARED** ME,  
AND I KEEP  
THINKING LEO  
WOULD BE ALL  
OVER ME IF  
HE KNEW I  
WAS SCARED.

I THINK  
THAT GUY'S MADE  
OUT OF **COLD**  
**STEEL**. SOMETIMES  
I DON'T THINK  
HE HAS A SINGLE  
**HUMAN FEELING**  
IN HIS BODY.

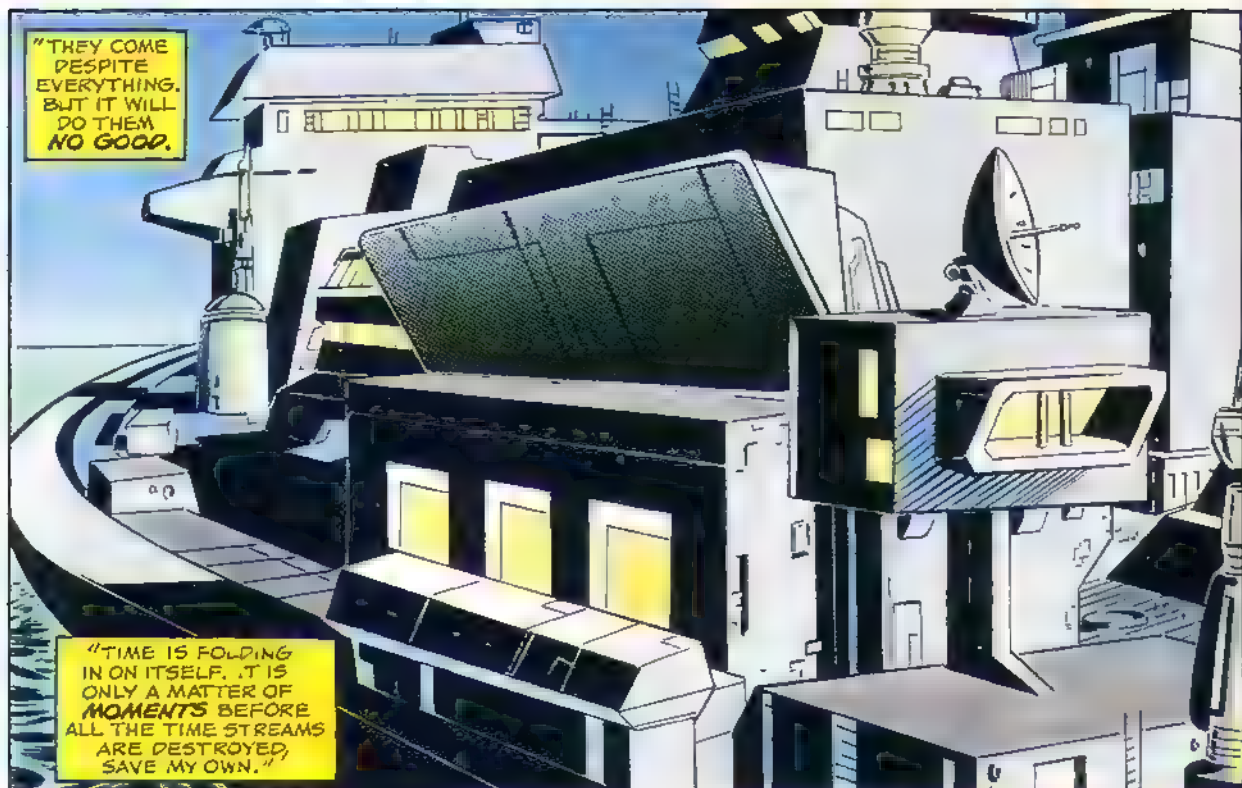


YEAH, I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND HIM  
MYSELF. AND FRANKLY,  
I DON'T THINK IT'S  
IMPORTANT IF WE  
DO OR NOT.

WE JUST  
CARRY ON BY OUR-  
SELVES. DO OUR  
BEST, ONE STEP  
AT A TIME...

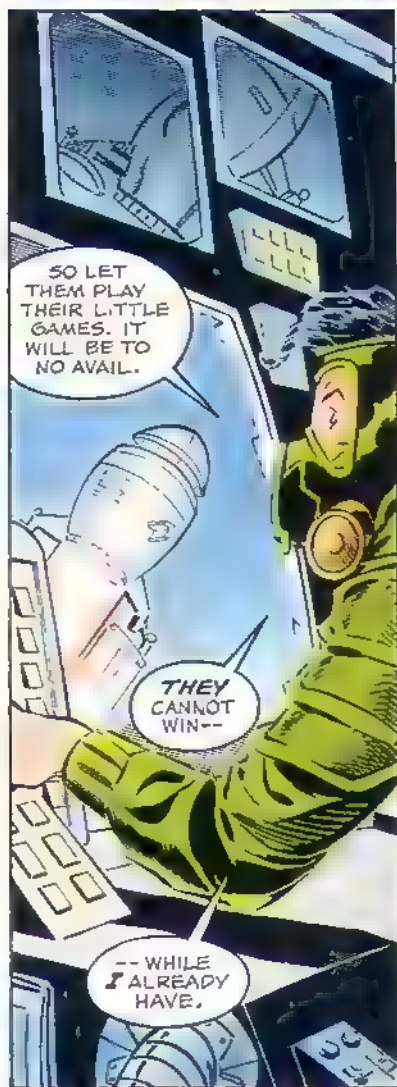
...ONE  
DAY AT  
A TIME.





"THEY COME  
DESPITE  
EVERYTHING.  
BUT IT WILL  
DO THEM  
NO GOOD."

"TIME IS FOLDING  
IN ON ITSELF. IT IS  
ONLY A MATTER OF  
**MOMENTS** BEFORE  
ALL THE TIME STREAMS  
ARE DESTROYED,  
SAVE MY OWN."



SO LET  
THEM PLAY  
THEIR LITTLE  
GAMES. IT  
WILL BE TO  
NO AVAIL.

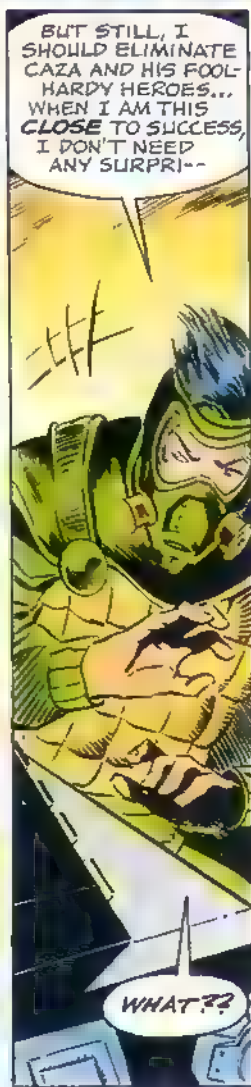
THEY  
CANNOT  
WIN--

-- WHILE  
I ALREADY  
HAVE.



DESPITE THEIR  
ATTEMPTS, THEY CANNOT  
DESTROY THE **TEMPLE**  
AND ITS JEWEL.

YES...  
ONLY A  
MATTER OF  
MOMENTS.



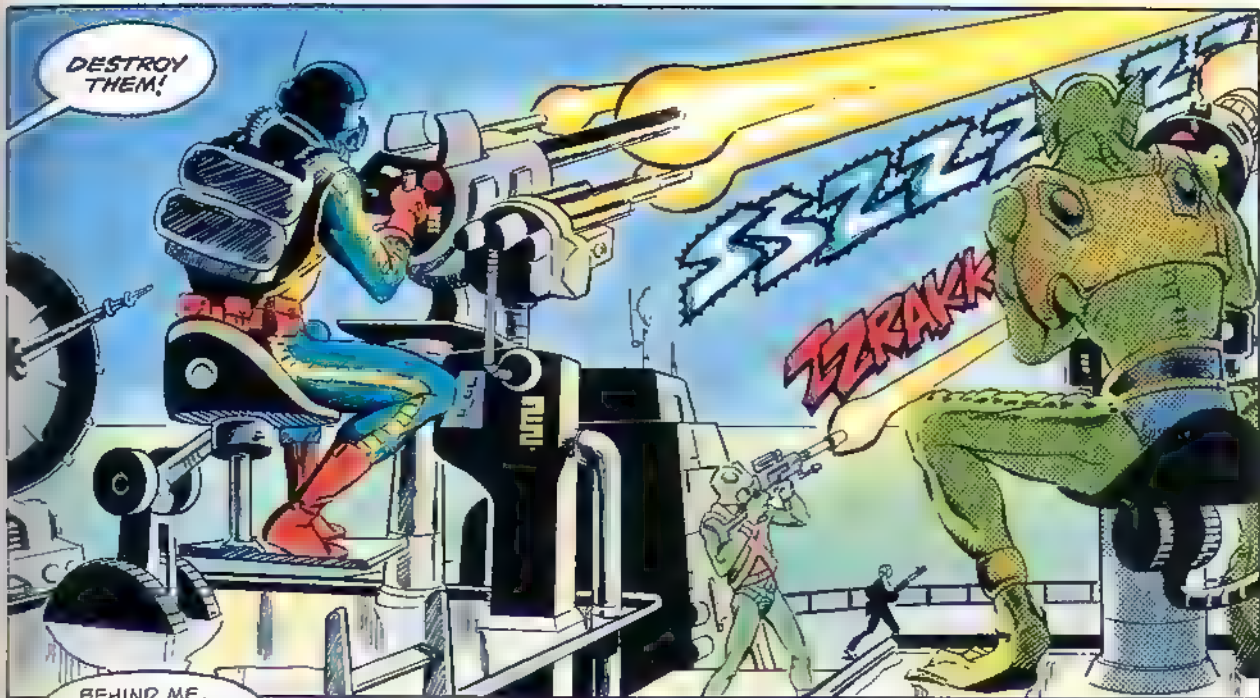
BUT STILL, I  
SHOULD ELIMINATE  
CAZA AND HIS FOOL-  
HARDY HEROES...  
WHEN I AM THIS  
**CLOSE** TO SUCCESS,  
I DON'T NEED  
ANY SURPRI--

WHAT??



"THEY'RE  
HERE!"





DESTROY THEM!

ZZZZZ  
ZZRAKK

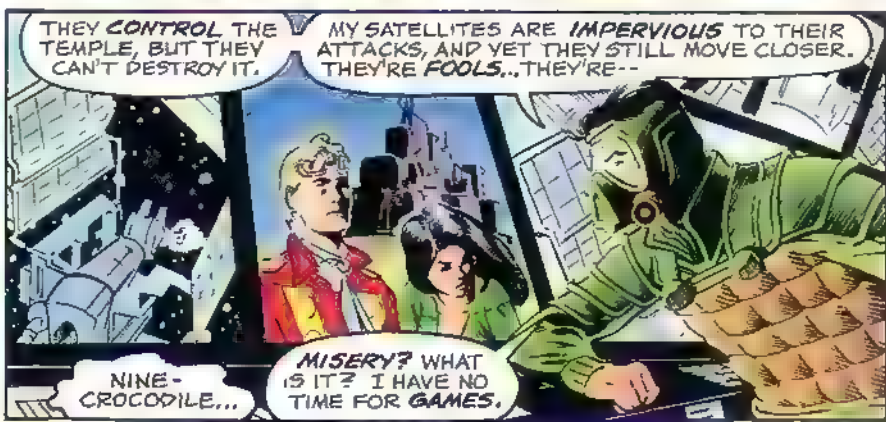


BEHIND ME. I WILL SUMMON A FORCE SHIELD TO PROTECT US.

YEAH, BUT HOW LONG CAN YOU KEEP IT GOING?

IT MIGHT BE BEST IF YOU DON'T ASK.

OKEYFINE.

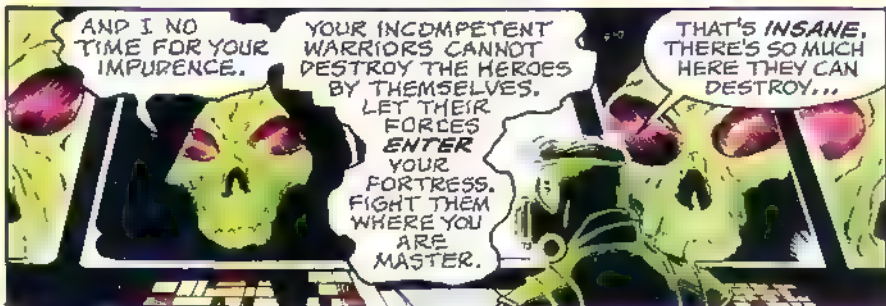


THEY CONTROL THE TEMPLE, BUT THEY CAN'T DESTROY IT.

MY SATELLITES ARE IMPERVIOUS TO THEIR ATTACKS, AND YET THEY STILL MOVE CLOSER. THEY'RE FOOLS...THEY'RE--

NINE-CROCODILE...

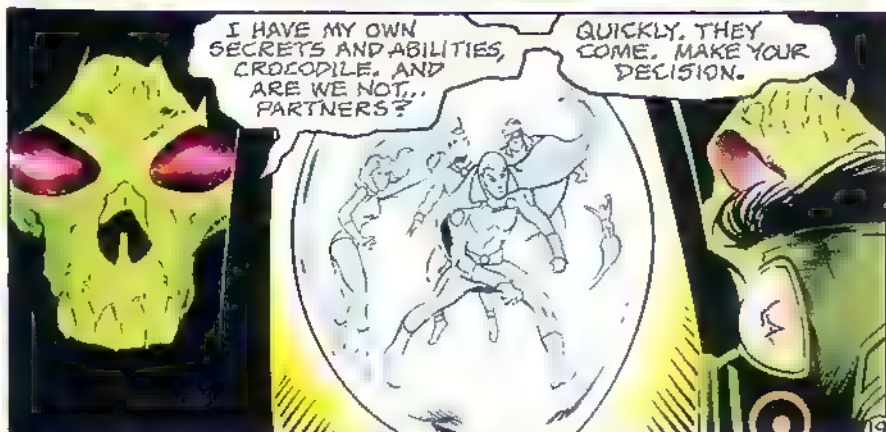
MISERY? WHAT IS IT? I HAVE NO TIME FOR GAMES.



AND I NO TIME FOR YOUR IMPURENCE.

YOUR INCOMPETENT WARRIORS CANNOT DESTROY THE HEROES BY THEMSELVES. LET THEIR FORCES ENTER YOUR FORTRESS. FIGHT THEM WHERE YOU ARE MASTER.

THAT'S INSANE. THERE'S SO MUCH HERE THEY CAN DESTROY...



I HAVE MY OWN SECRETS AND ABILITIES, CROCODILE. AND ARE WE NOT... PARTNERS?

QUICKLY. THEY COME. MAKE YOUR DECISION.









HOLD YOUR GROUND...  
WAIT... WAIT...  
THERE!

THEY'RE  
IN.  
OPEN  
FIRE!



NOT SO FAST, JERKFACE!  
WATCH WHERE YOU  
POINT THAT THING.

THESE  
GUYS ARE  
PUSHOVERS.  
MOVE IN.

KRRASH!

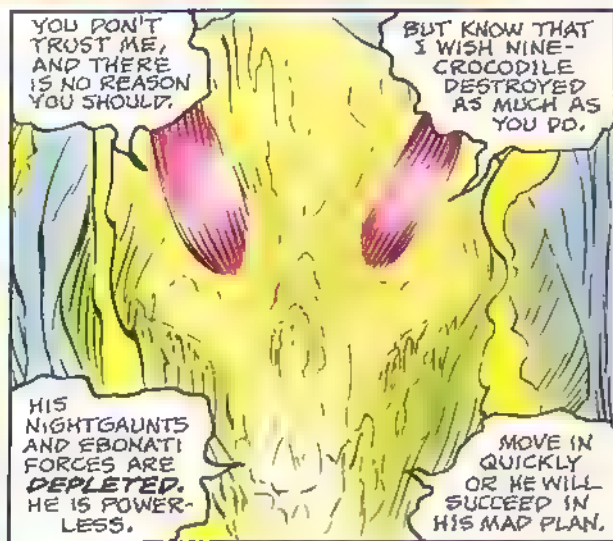


IT APPEARS  
OUR WAY IS  
BLOCKED.

MISERY?

MOVE ASIDE  
APPARITION.  
WE HAVE NO  
REASON TO  
SPEAK WITH  
YOU.

THAT  
IS WHERE  
YOU ARE  
WRONG.



YOU DON'T  
TRUST ME,  
AND THERE  
IS NO REASON  
YOU SHOULD.

BUT KNOW THAT  
I WISH NINE-  
CROCODILE  
DESTROYED  
AS MUCH AS  
YOU DO.

HIS  
NIGHTGAUNTS  
AND EBONATI  
FORCES ARE  
DEPLETED.  
HE IS POWER-  
LESS.

MOVE IN  
QUICKLY  
OR HE WILL  
SUCCEED IN  
HIS MAD PLAN.



MISERY, YOU  
TRAITOR-- WE  
HAVE THE WORLD  
COVERING BE-  
FORE US.

THEY  
CAN'T  
WIN.

PERHAPS  
NOT,  
CROCODILE...



... BUT EVEN AS  
YOU DESTROY THEM,  
THEY WILL MOST  
CERTAINLY DESTROY  
YOU.  
THEN ONLY  
MISERY WILL BE  
THE VICTOR.



BELIEVE WHAT YOU WILL,  
MISERY, BUT ONCE THOSE  
GREAT HEROES ARE GONE--

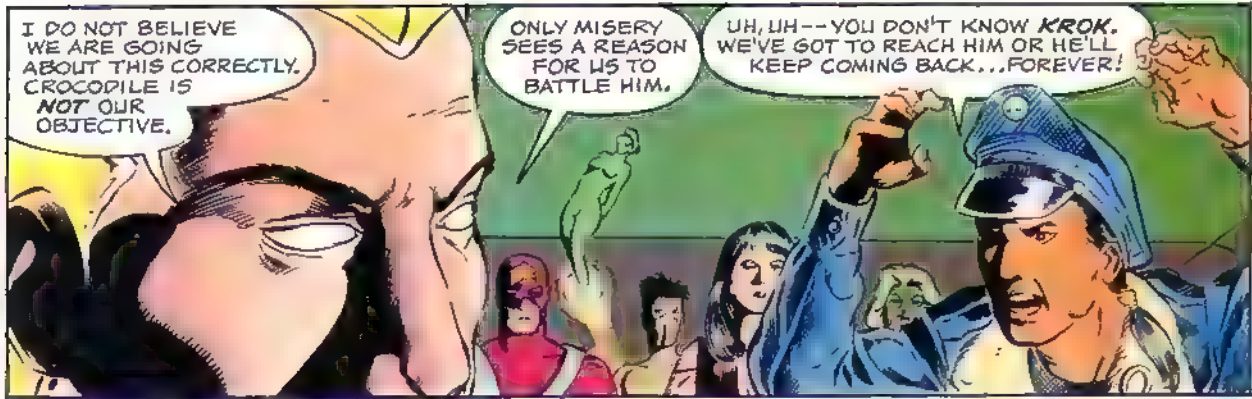
--I  
SWEAR  
YOU WILL  
BE NEXT.



THE GAME IS  
AFOOT. AND I  
SHALL SIT BACK  
AND WATCH AS  
EACH PAWN  
FALLS.

INDEED,  
THIS IS A  
GLORIOUS  
DAY.





I DO NOT BELIEVE WE ARE GOING ABOUT THIS CORRECTLY. CROCODILE IS **NOT** OUR OBJECTIVE.

ONLY MISERY SEES A REASON FOR US TO BATTLE HIM.

UH, UH-- YOU DON'T KNOW KROK. WE'VE GOT TO REACH HIM OR HE'LL KEEP COMING BACK... FOREVER!



WHAT YOU SAY MAY BE TRUE, BUT IT IS OF LITTLE IMPORT.

THAT IS OUR TARGET.

OUR GOAL IS THE **MACHINERY** WHICH POWERS THE SATELLITES AND THE TEMPLE.

IF WE ARE SUCCESSFUL THERE, THEN WE CAN LATER CONCERN OURSELVES WITH NINE-CROCODILE.

YOU KNOW, HE'S RIGHT.

MAYBE, BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE TO BE SO DAMNED **IMPUDENT** ABOUT IT.



I'VE BEEN GOING UP AGAINST CROCODILE FOR... **LONGER** THAN I CAN EXPLAIN.

**WHRRRR!**

**CLINK!**

IF THERE'S A CHANCE TO STOP HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL, I WANT TO **TAKE IT.**

ACE--



-- CROCODILE'S FOUND US!

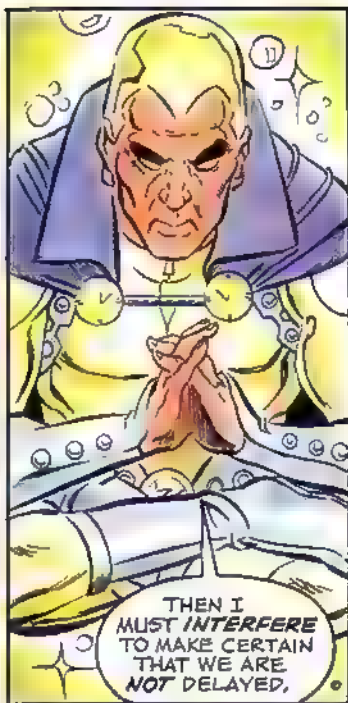
AVOLON, I HAVE **NEED** OF YOU. I FEAR OUR FAILURE TO DATE IS A RESULT OF MISPLACED STRATEGIES.



LATER, DOC-- I'VE GOT **PROBLEMS** OF MY OWN.

THESE ARE MERELY MORE **DIVERSIONS** TO KEEP US FROM OUR **TRUE GOAL.**



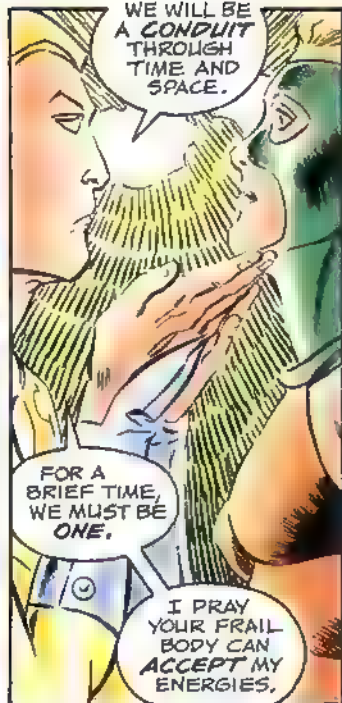


THEN I  
MUST **INTERFERE**  
TO MAKE CERTAIN  
THAT WE ARE  
**NOT DELAYED**.

WHAT THE  
HELL DID  
YOU DO,  
DOC?  
I  
WAS JUST  
STARTING  
TO ENJOY  
MYSELF.



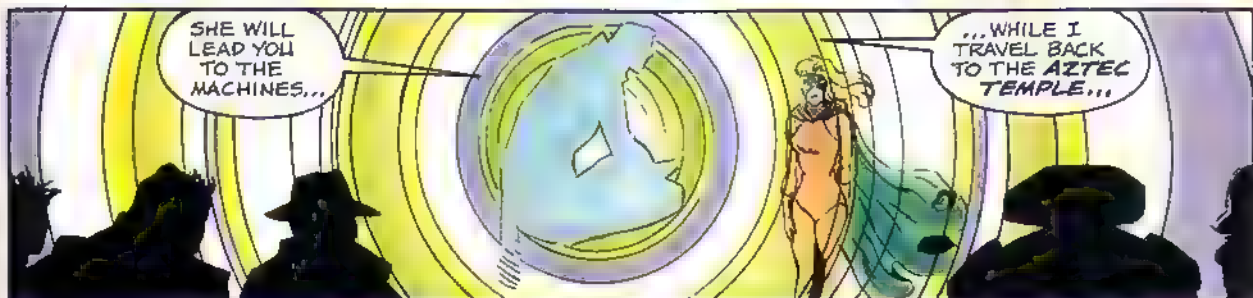
AVALON,  
YOUR POWERS  
ARE AS  
**ELDRITCH**  
AS MY OWN.



WE WILL BE  
A **CONDUIT**  
THROUGH  
TIME AND  
SPACE.

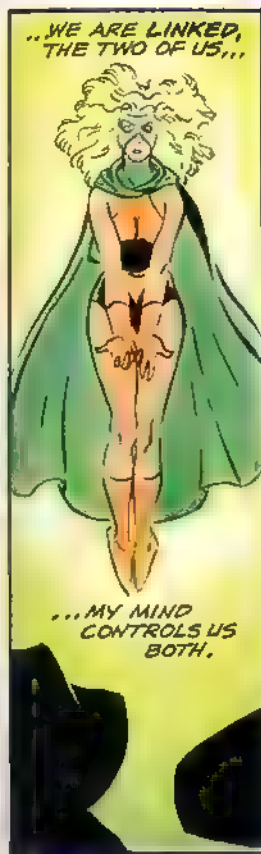
FOR A  
BRIEF TIME,  
WE MUST BE  
**ONE**.

I PRAY  
YOUR FRAIL  
BODY CAN  
**ACCEPT MY**  
ENERGIES.



SHE WILL  
LEAD YOU  
TO THE  
MACHINES...

...WHILE I  
TRAVEL BACK  
TO THE **AZTEC**  
TEMPLE...



...WE ARE LINKED,  
THE TWO OF US...

...MY MIND  
CONTROLS US  
BOTH.



TOGETHER WE  
SHALL DESTROY  
MACHINE AND  
TEMPLE.



WE CANNOT  
ATTACK THE  
TEMPLE AND  
SATELLITES  
AS IF THEY  
ARE TWO  
DIFFERENT  
THREATS. ONLY  
THEIR **SIMUL-**  
**TANEOUS**  
DESTRUCTIONS  
MAY SAVE  
THE TIME  
STREAMS FROM  
COLLAPSING.



NOW GO.  
OUR MISSION  
IS ALMOST  
COMPLETE.



WHY DOES HE REMIND ME  
OF **F9** ON THE JUKEBOX?  
YOU KNOW THE SONG...

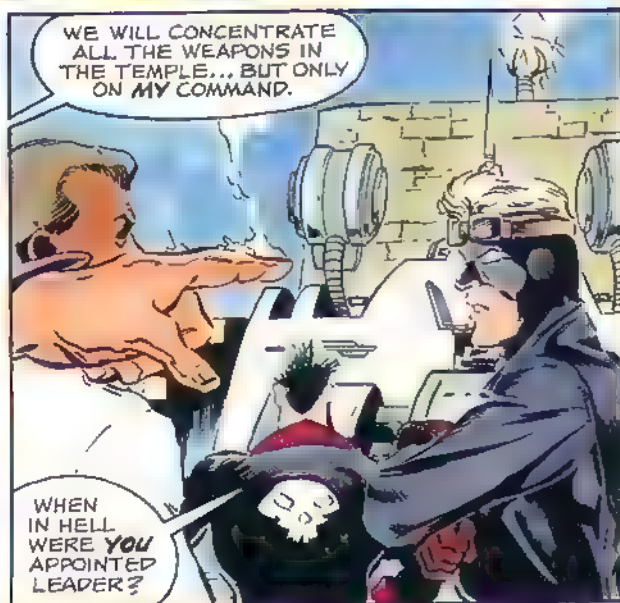
...THE  
WORLD'S  
FALLING  
APART...

...WE'RE  
ALL DOOMED  
TO HELL--

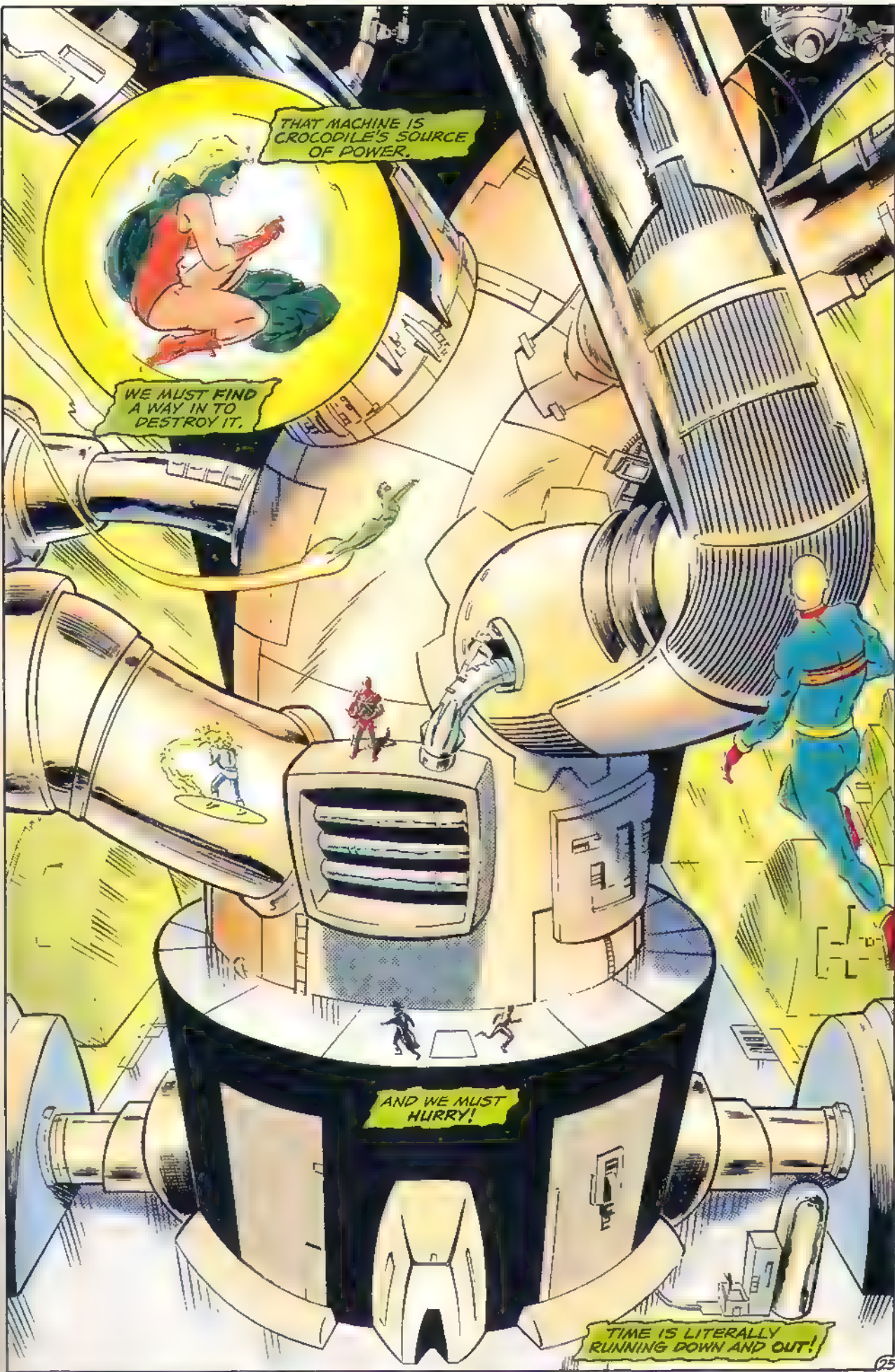


-- BUT BE  
HAPPY.

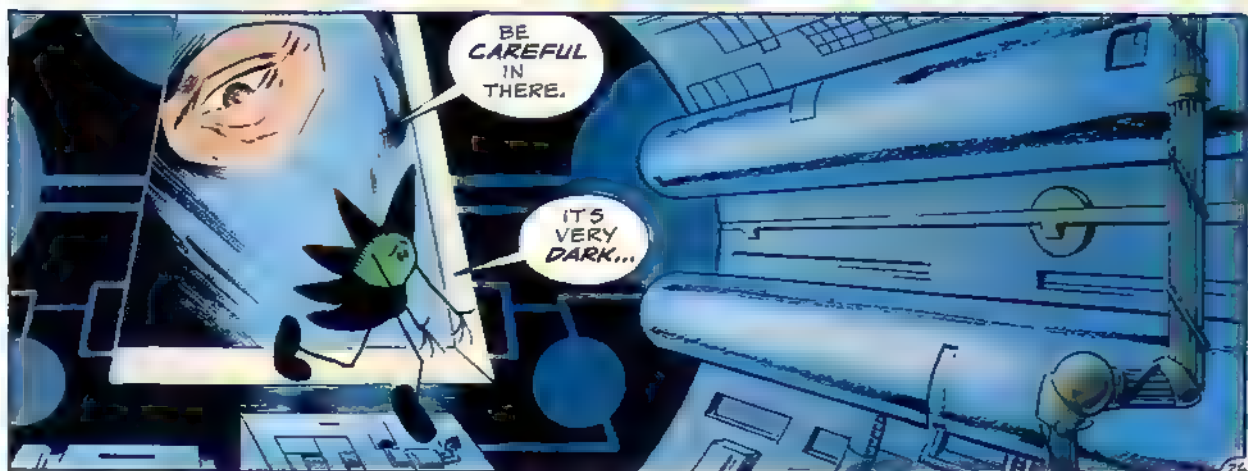
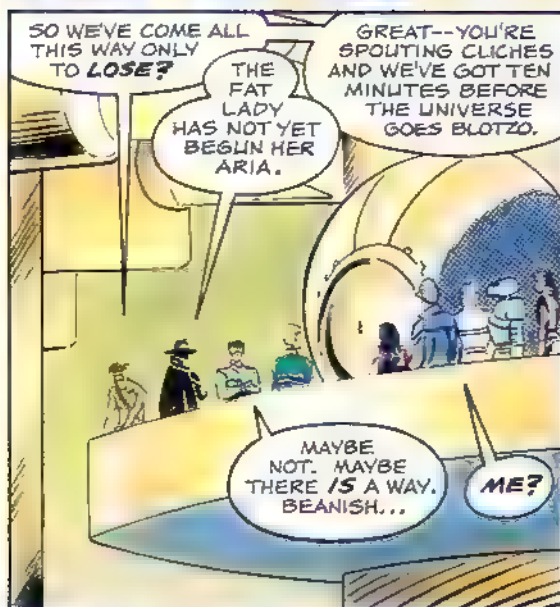




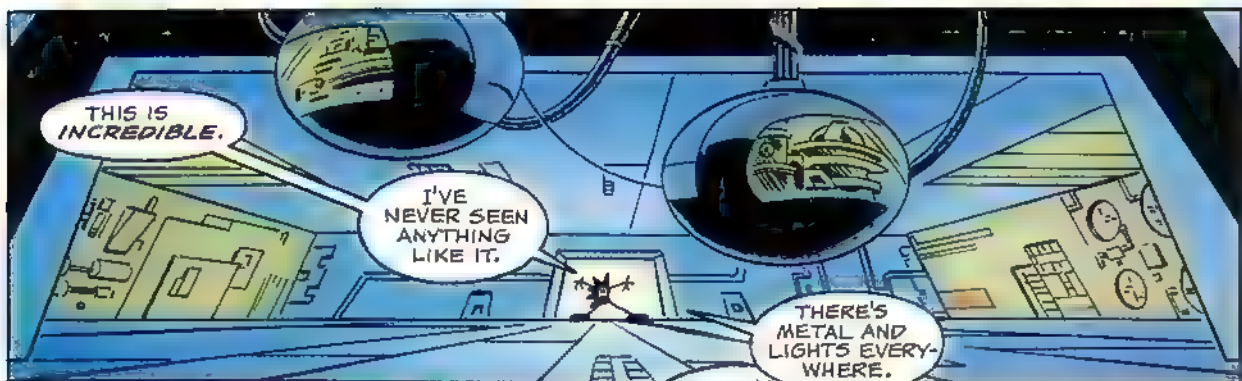








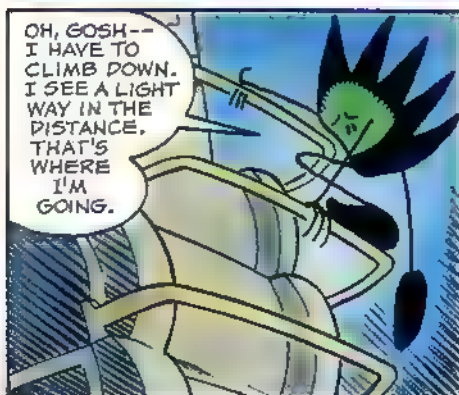




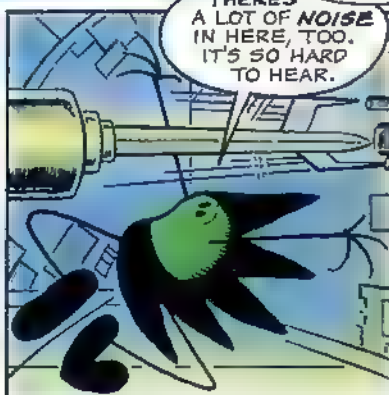
THIS IS INCREDIBLE.

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.

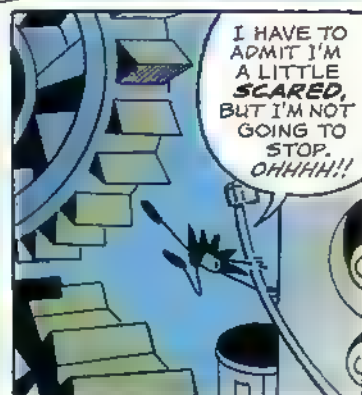
THERE'S METAL AND LIGHTS EVERYWHERE.



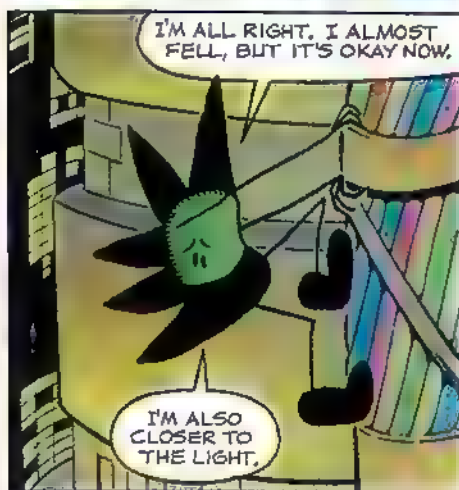
OH, GOSH-- I HAVE TO CLIMB DOWN. I SEE A LIGHT WAY IN THE DISTANCE. THAT'S WHERE I'M GOING.



THERE'S A LOT OF NOISE IN HERE, TOO. IT'S SO HARD TO HEAR.

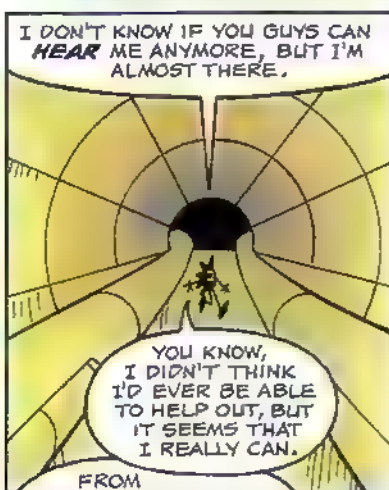


I HAVE TO ADMIT I'M A LITTLE SCARED, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO STOP. OHHHHH!!



I'M ALL RIGHT. I ALMOST FELL, BUT IT'S OKAY NOW.

I'M ALSO CLOSER TO THE LIGHT.



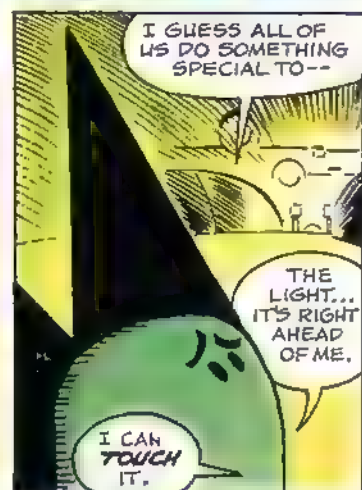
I DON'T KNOW IF YOU GUYS CAN HEAR ME ANYMORE, BUT I'M ALMOST THERE.

YOU KNOW, I DIDN'T THINK I'D EVER BE ABLE TO HELP OUT, BUT IT SEEMS THAT I REALLY CAN.

FROM YOUR DESCRIPTIONS OF NINE-CROCODILE, I HAVE BEEN WONDERING HOW HE CREATED HIS DEVICES.

NOW I SEE HE DID NOT-- HE HAS STOLEN WARP-SMITH MACHINERY, THE ABILITY TO WARP TIME AND SPACE...

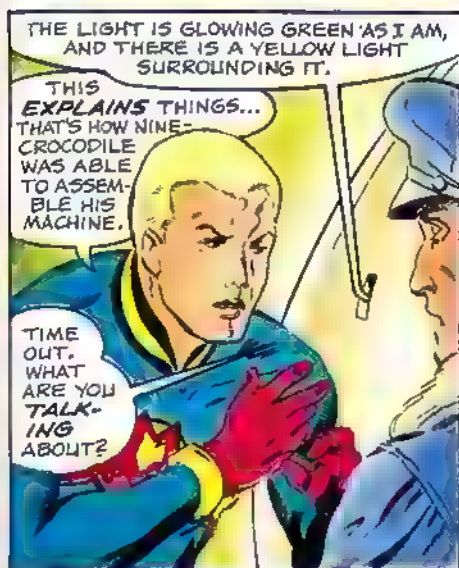
...AND ADAPTED IT TO HIS OWN USE.



I GUESS ALL OF US DO SOMETHING SPECIAL TO--

THE LIGHT... IT'S RIGHT AHEAD OF ME.

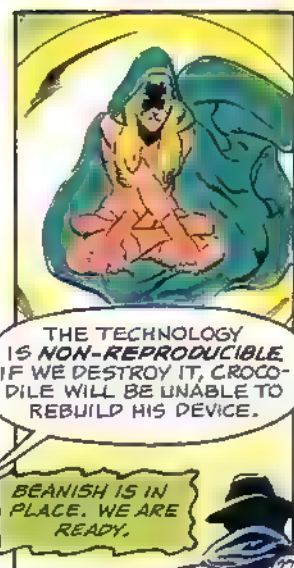
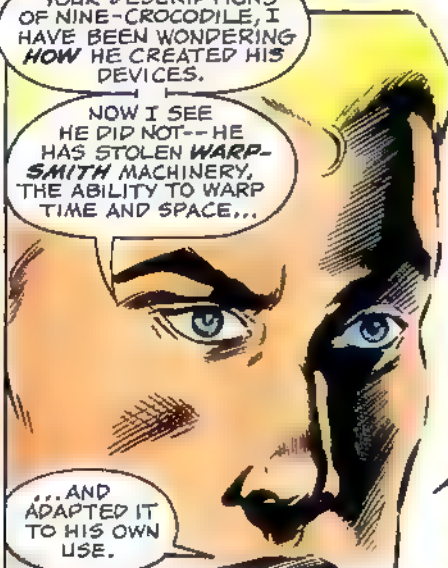
I CAN TOUCH IT.



THE LIGHT IS GLOWING GREEN AS I AM, AND THERE IS A YELLOW LIGHT SURROUNDING IT.

THIS EXPLAINS THINGS... THAT'S HOW NINE-CROCODILE WAS ABLE TO ASSEMBLE HIS MACHINE.

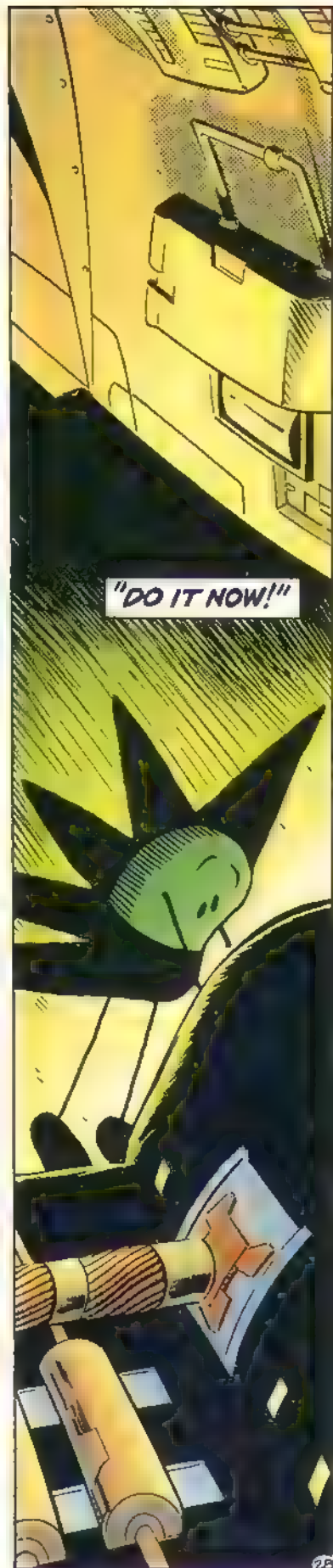
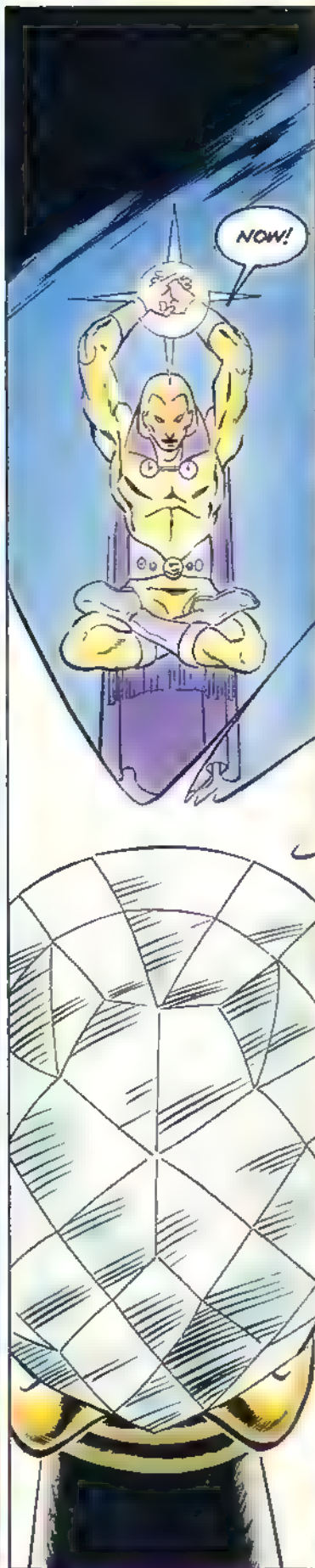
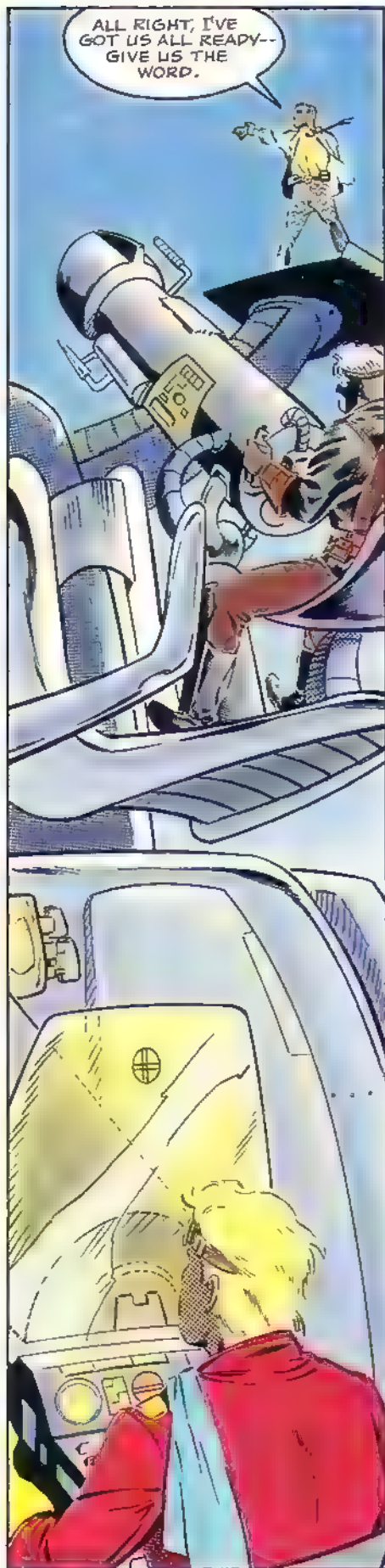
TIME OUT. WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



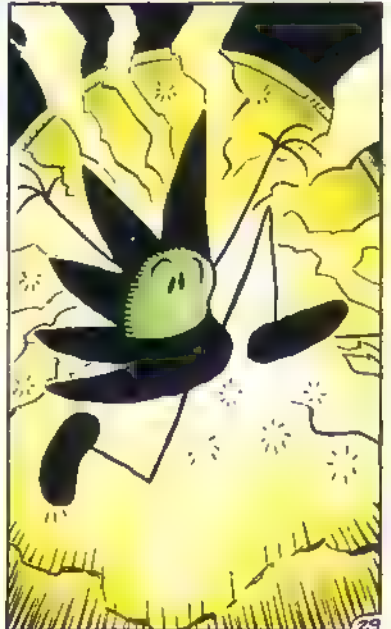
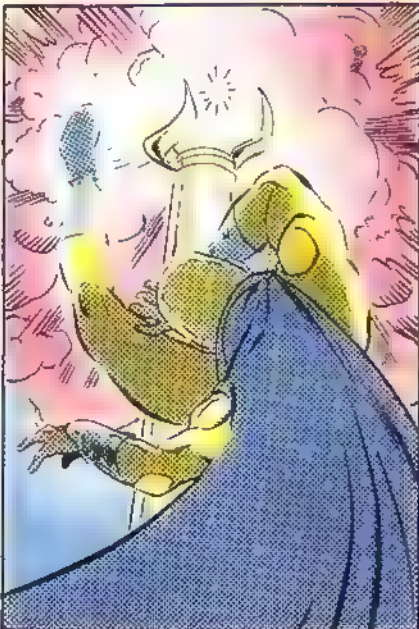
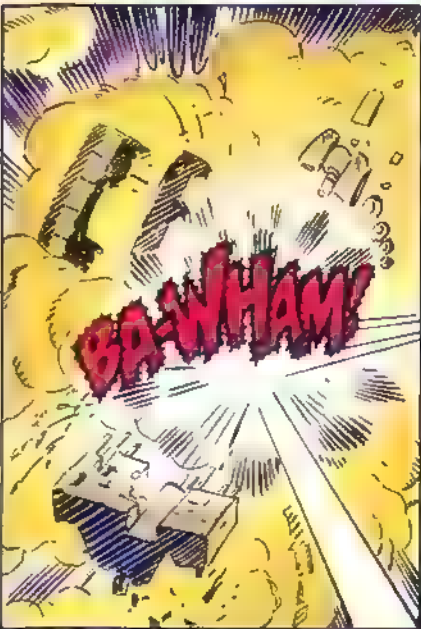
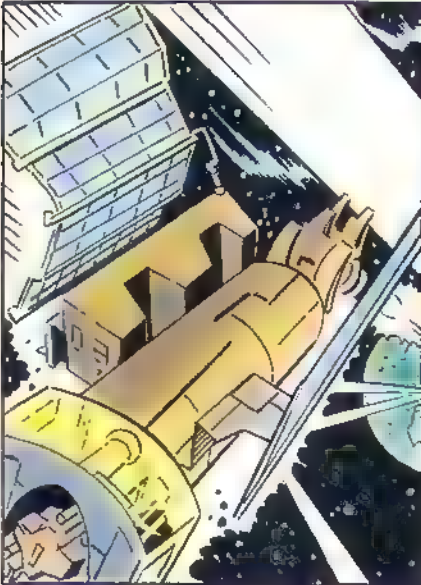
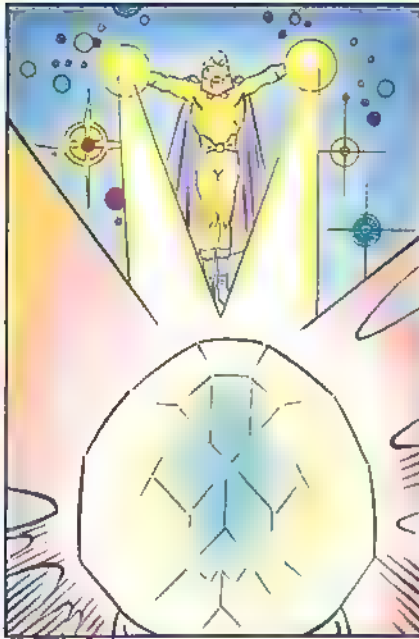
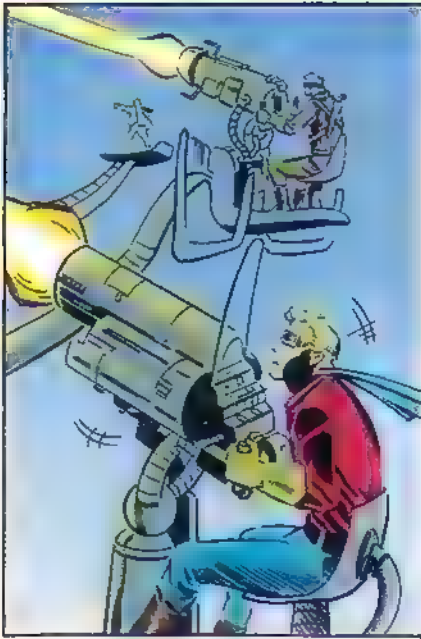
THE TECHNOLOGY IS NON-REPRODUCIBLE. IF WE DESTROY IT, CROCODILE WILL BE UNABLE TO REBUILD HIS DEVICE.

BEANISH IS IN PLACE. WE ARE READY.









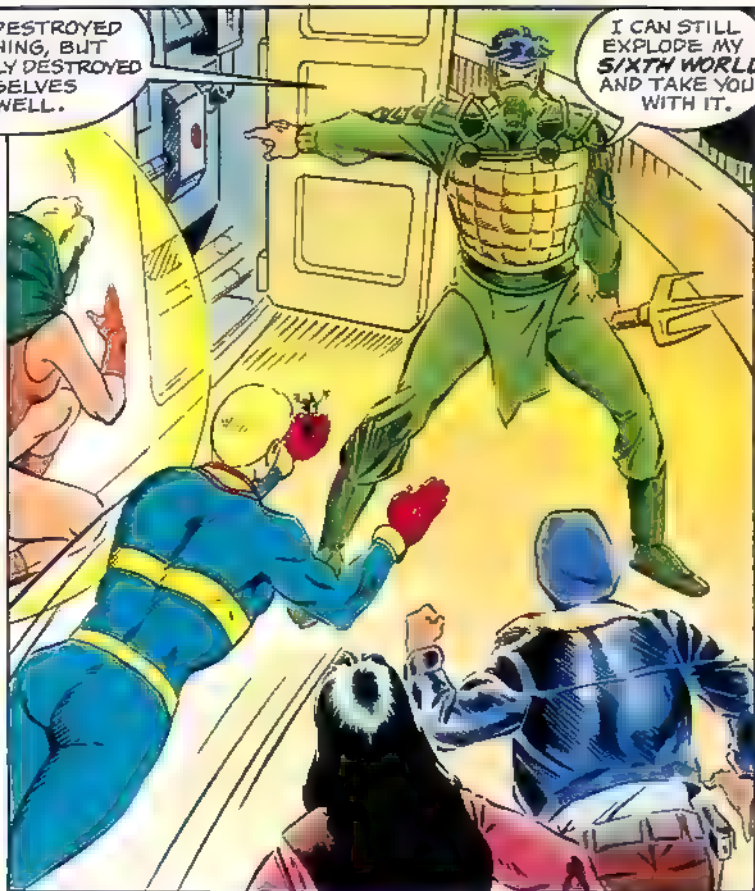




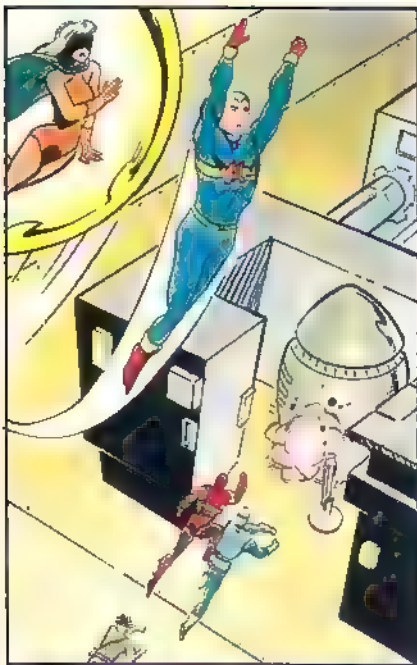
TO NO AVAIL, BEAN.

YOU'VE DESTROYED EVERYTHING, BUT YOU'VE ONLY DESTROYED YOURSELVES AS WELL.

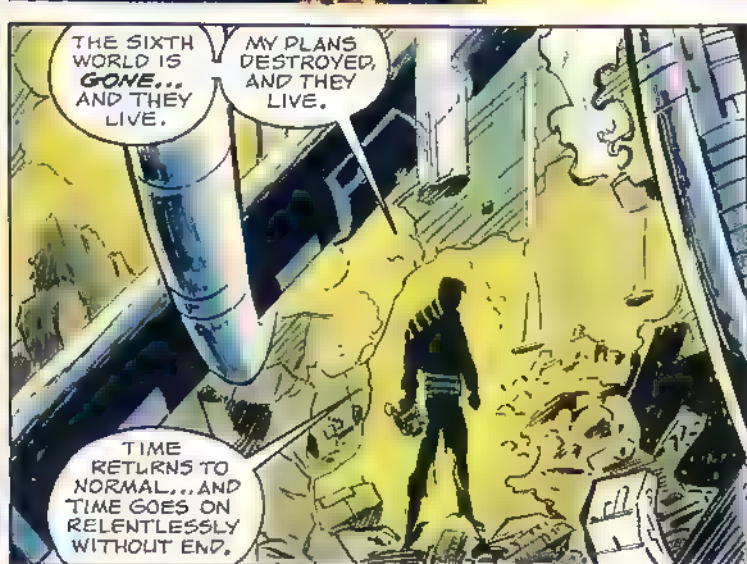
I CAN STILL EXPLODE MY SIXTH WORLD AND TAKE YOU WITH IT.







WE DID IT...  
I DON'T  
BELIEVE IT, BUT  
WE **DID** IT. AND  
WE'RE ALIVE!  
AT LEAST I  
**THINK**  
WE ARE!



THE SIXTH  
WORLD IS  
**GONE...**  
AND THEY  
LIVE.

MY PLANS  
DESTROYED,  
AND THEY  
LIVE.

TIME  
RETURNS TO  
NORMAL... AND  
TIME GOES ON  
RELENTLESSLY  
WITHOUT END.

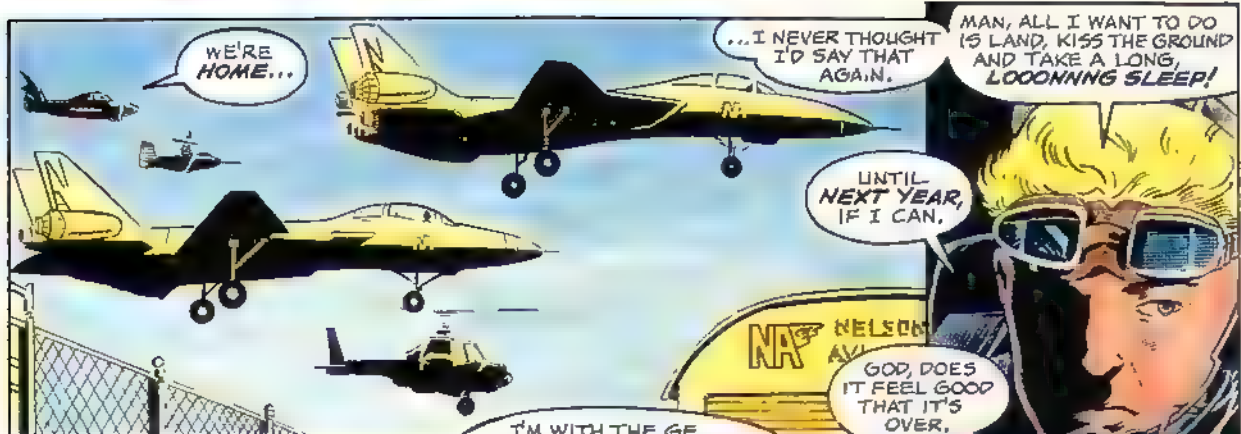
BUT I AM  
THE **MASTER** OF  
TIME... I CONTROL  
TIME... AND IT IS  
ONLY A MATTER  
OF TIME...

...BEFORE  
VICTORY IS  
MINE.

BEFORE  
I RISE  
AGAIN.







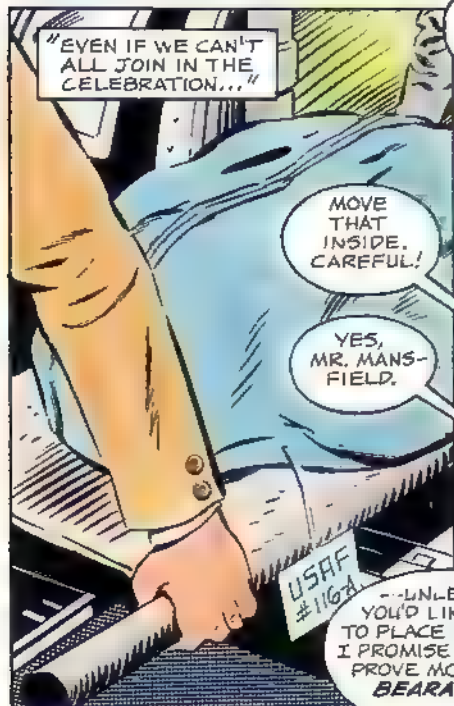
WE'RE HOME...

...I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THAT AGAIN.

MAN, ALL I WANT TO DO IS LAND, KISS THE GROUND AND TAKE A LONG, LOOONNNNG SLEEP!

UNTIL NEXT YEAR, IF I CAN.

GOD, DOES IT FEEL GOOD THAT IT'S OVER.



"EVEN IF WE CAN'T ALL JOIN IN THE CELEBRATION..."

MOVE THAT INSIDE. CAREFUL!

YES, MR. MANSFIELD.

USAF #1168

...UNLESS YOU'D LIKE ME TO PLACE IT WHERE I PROMISE IT WILL PROVE MOST UN-BEARABLE.



I'M WITH THE GE BROADCASTING COMPANY. EVERYTHING'S BEEN GOING CRAZY. JUST EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED?

I SUGGEST YOU REMOVE THAT MICROPHONE

BECKER WILL BE COMING TO PICK US UP.

LET'S NOT BE THERE, OKAY?

MARLENE... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

ME? WHAT ABOUT YOU? GOD, I WAS SO SCARED FOR YOU.



C'MON, NELSON--THE WHOLE WORLD'S WAITING FOR ANSWERS. YOU CAN'T AVOID THE PRESS.

MIRACLEMAN, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET RID OF HIM?

GLADLY.

UMMM... GENTLY.



IF I EVER SEE ANOTHER REPORTER IN MY LIFE...

THEY WON'T TAKE "NO COMMENT" FOREVER, AIRBOY.

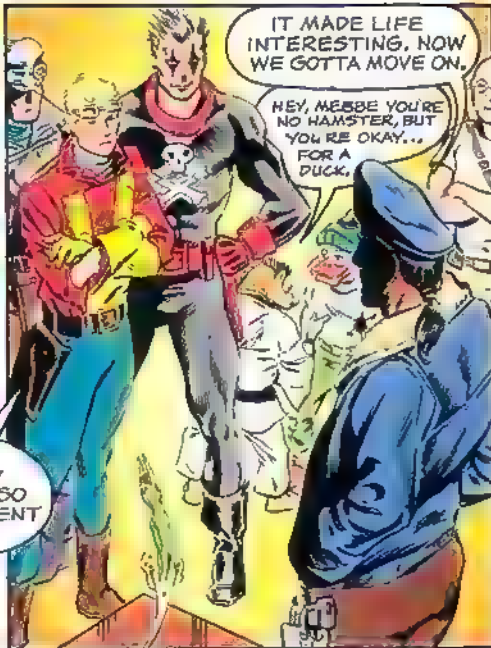
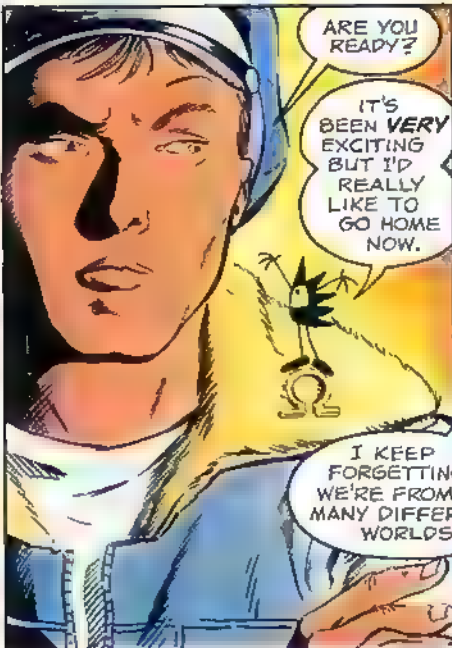
YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE THEM ANSWERS.

ME? WHAT ABOUT YOU?

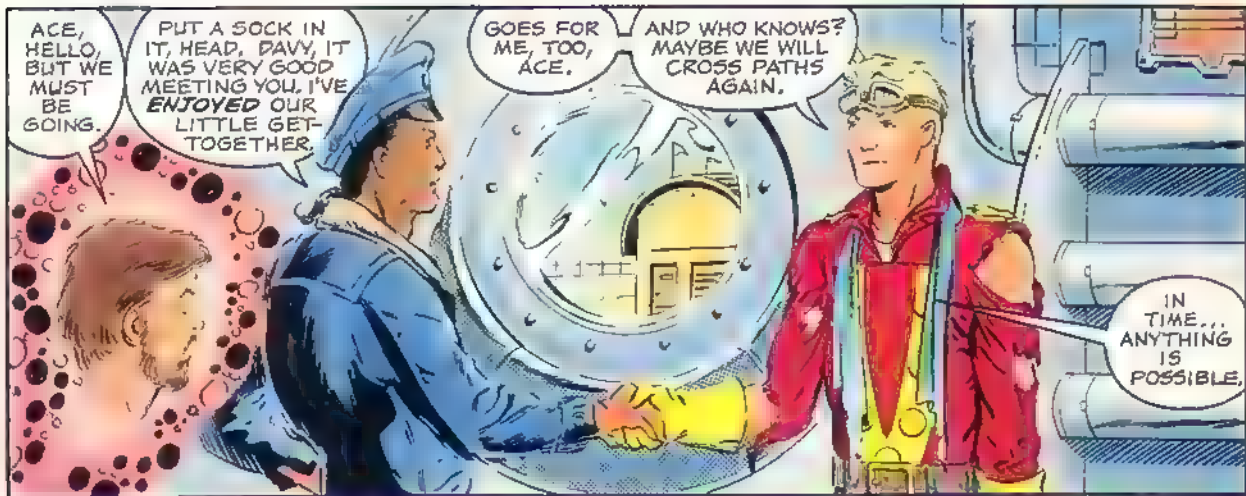
WE'VE GOT A DATE ON THE AZURE CROSSTIME EXPRESS - TO GET THESE PEOPLE BACK TO THEIR DIMENSIONS.

REMEMBER, WE DON'T ALL LIVE HERE.









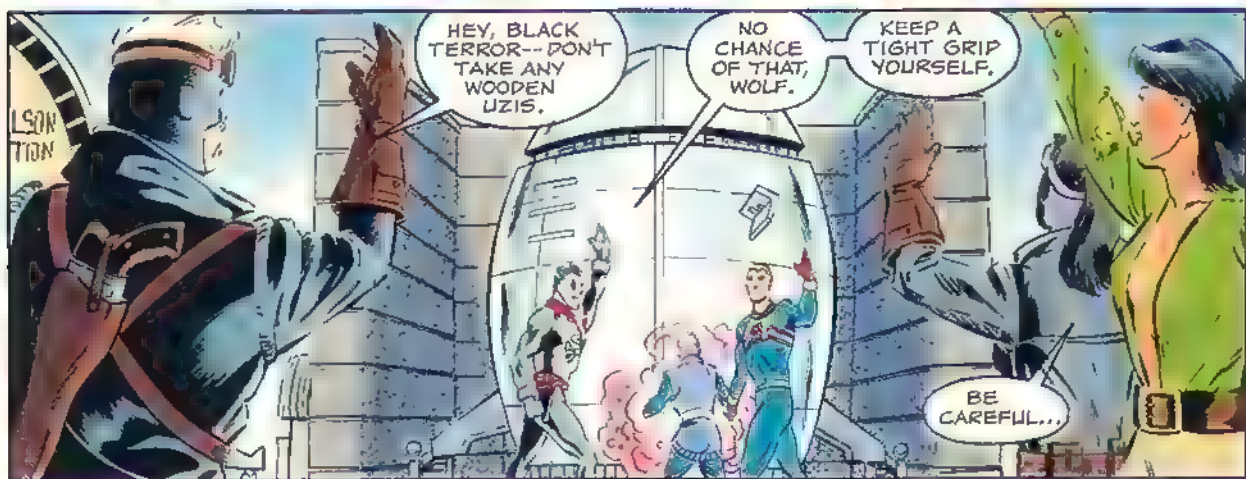
ACE,  
HELLO,  
BUT WE  
MUST  
BE  
GOING.

PUT A SOCK IN  
IT, HEAD, DAVY, IT  
WAS VERY GOOD  
MEETING YOU, I'VE  
ENJOYED OUR  
LITTLE GET-  
TOGETHER.

GOES FOR  
ME, TOO,  
ACE.

AND WHO KNOWS?  
MAYBE WE WILL  
CROSS PATHS  
AGAIN.

IN  
TIME...  
ANYTHING  
IS  
POSSIBLE.

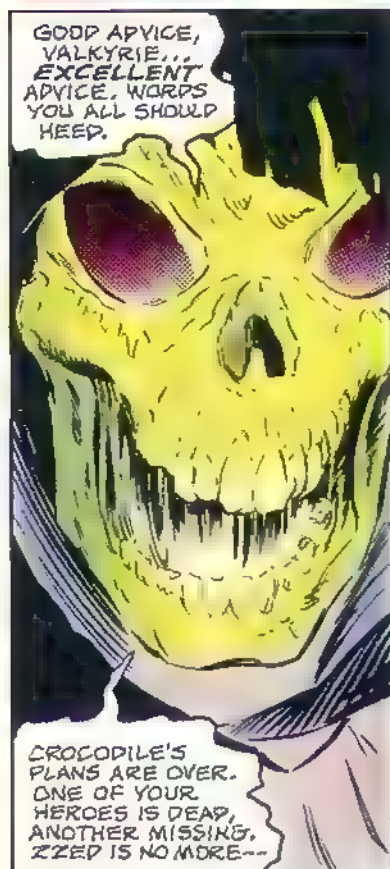


HEY, BLACK  
TERROR--DON'T  
TAKE ANY  
WOODEN  
UZIS.

NO  
CHANCE  
OF THAT,  
WOLF.

KEEP A  
TIGHT GRIP  
YOURSELF.

BE  
CAREFUL...



GOOD ADVICE,  
VALKYRIE...  
EXCELLENT  
ADVICE, WORDS  
YOU ALL SHOULD  
HEED.

CROCODILE'S  
PLANS ARE OVER.  
ONE OF YOUR  
HEROES IS DEAD,  
ANOTHER MISSING.  
ZZED IS NO MORE--



-- BUT I  
SURVIVE,  
VALKYRIE.  
MISERY IS  
FOREVER.

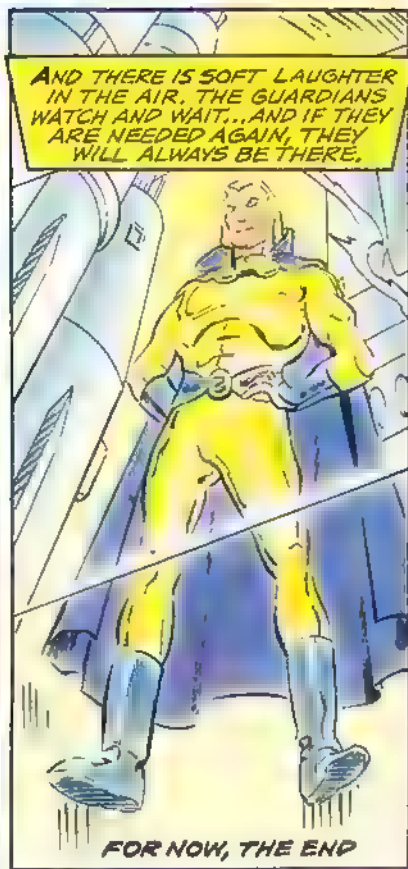
AND MISERY  
WILL ALWAYS  
GET HIS WAY--  
CORRECT,  
DUTCHMAN?

REST  
WELL, YOU  
SO-CALLED  
HEROES.

I WANT YOU  
READY WHEN  
MISERY NEXT  
STRIKES.

NONE  
CAN STOP  
ME... NO  
ONE EVER  
HAS...

... AND NO  
ONE EVER  
WILL.



AND THERE IS SOFT LAUGHTER  
IN THE AIR. THE GUARDIANS  
WATCH AND WAIT... AND IF THEY  
ARE NEEDED AGAIN, THEY  
WILL ALWAYS BE THERE.

FOR NOW, THE END



## AIR FIGHTERS



NELSON AVIATION PLANT  
OUTSIDE OF HALETHORPE,  
MARYLAND.

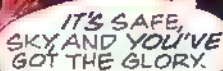
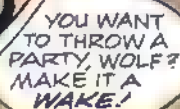
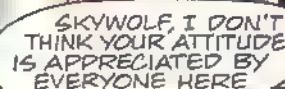
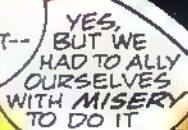
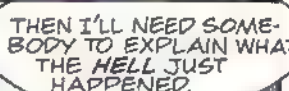
STORY CHUCK DIXON ART STAN WOCH  
COLORS SAM PARSONS LETTERS KRH

EDITORS CAT YRONWODE & FRED BURKE

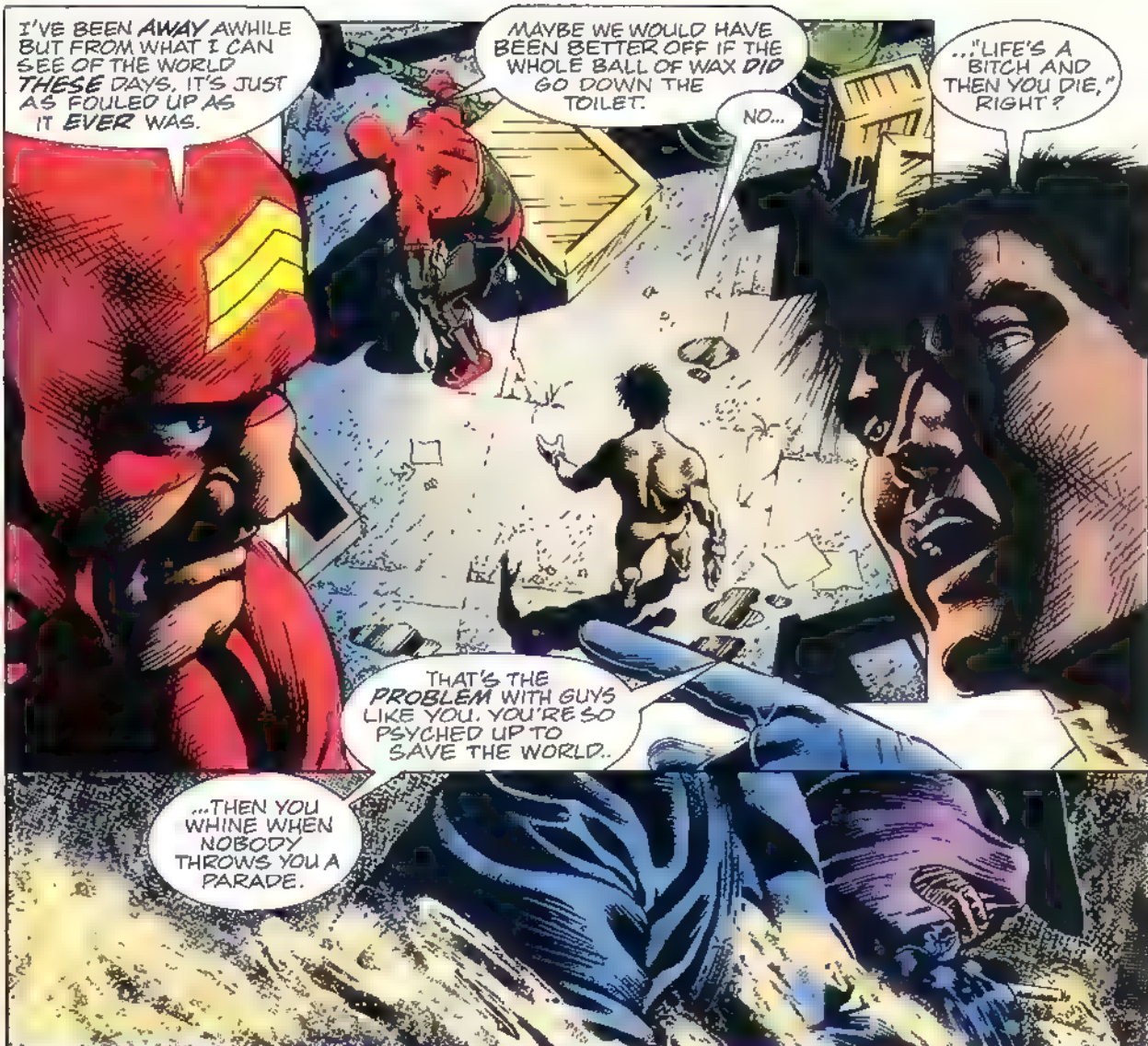
WOW.

I GUESS  
I'M IN  
THE RIGHT  
PLACE.









I'VE BEEN AWAY AWHILE  
BUT FROM WHAT I CAN  
SEE OF THE WORLD  
THESE DAYS, IT'S JUST  
AS FOULED UP AS  
IT EVER WAS.

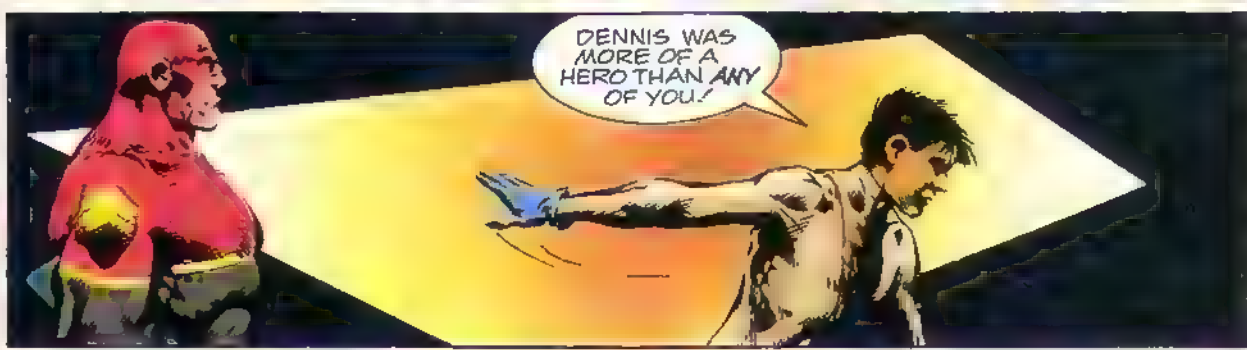
MAYBE WE WOULD HAVE  
BEEN BETTER OFF IF THE  
WHOLE BALL OF WAX DID  
GO DOWN THE  
TOILET.

NO...

..."LIFE'S A  
BITCH AND  
THEN YOU DIE,"  
RIGHT?

THAT'S THE  
PROBLEM WITH GUYS  
LIKE YOU. YOU'RE SO  
PSYCHED UP TO  
SAVE THE WORLD.

...THEN YOU  
WHINE WHEN  
NOBODY  
THROWS YOU A  
PARADE.



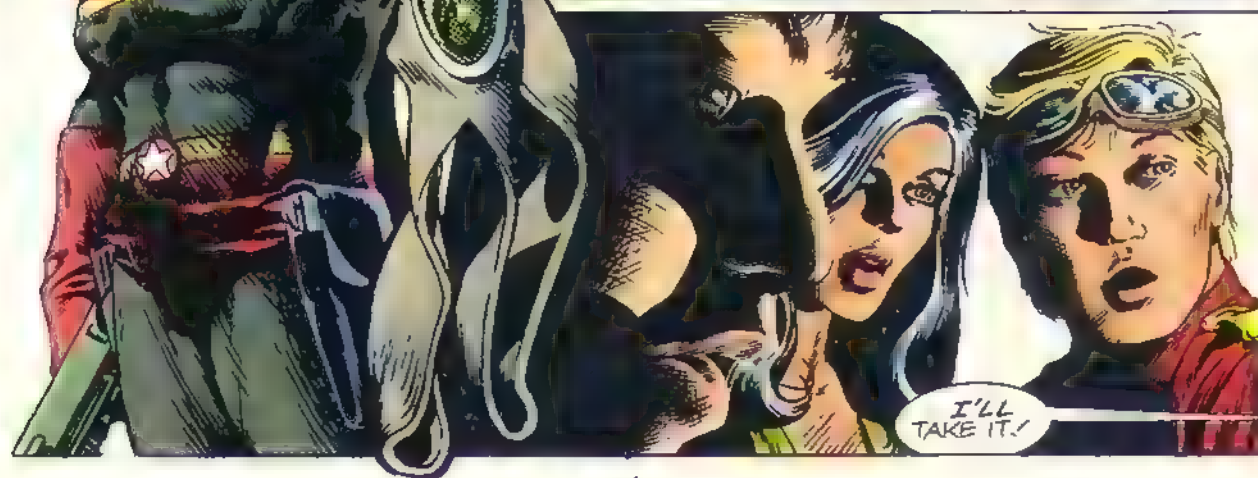
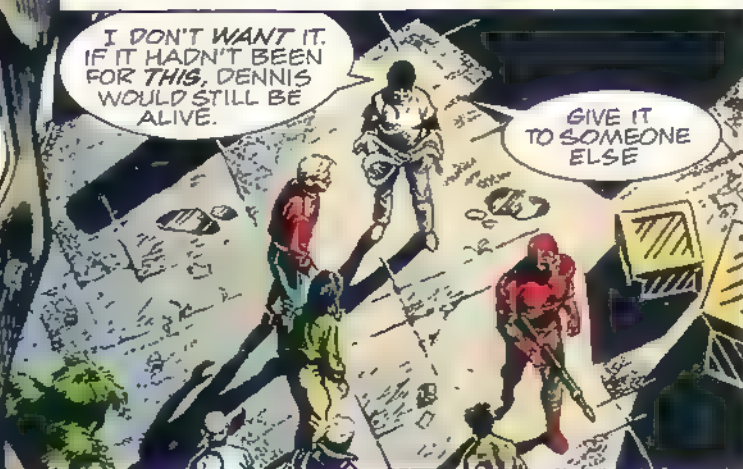
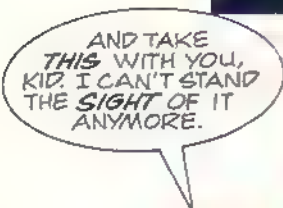
DENNIS WAS  
MORE OF A  
HERO THAN ANY  
OF YOU!



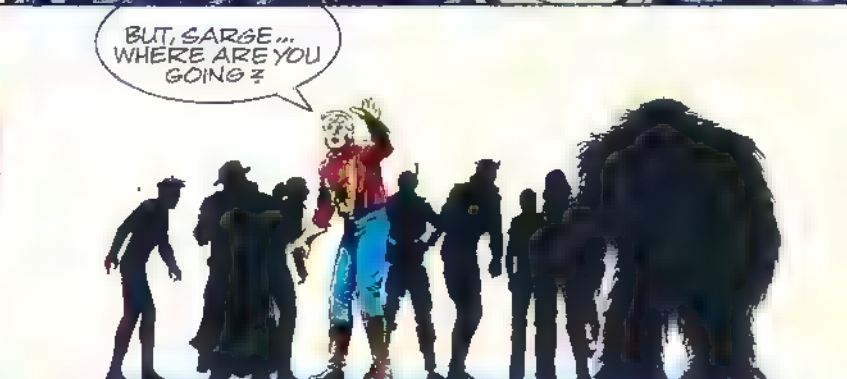
THEN IT'S  
TRUE--

--DENNIS  
IS DEAD?











THAT'S IT?  
WE BAND  
TOGETHER FOR A  
FEW DAYS TO SAVE  
OUR HOME PLANET  
AND THEN SCATTER  
TO THE FOUR  
WINDS?

IT'S  
OVER,  
SCOTT.

WHAT  
WOULD YOU  
LIKE US TO DO--  
BUY A BIG HOUSE,  
HIRE A BUTLER,  
AND ALL LIVE  
TOGETHER UNTIL  
THE UNIVERSE  
IS THREATENED  
AGAIN?

GROW UP,  
SCOTT.

ARE YOU SURE  
YOU DON'T WANT  
TO TAG ALONG  
WITH US? HE  
SOUNDS LIKE  
HE'S IN  
A BAD MOOD.

WHEN  
ISN'T  
HE?

NAW, I'M USED  
TO HIM. YOU GUYS  
TAKE IT, EASY, OKAY?

HEY, KID RIDE WITH  
ME. THERE'S NO  
ROOM FOR THREE  
IN BIRDIE.

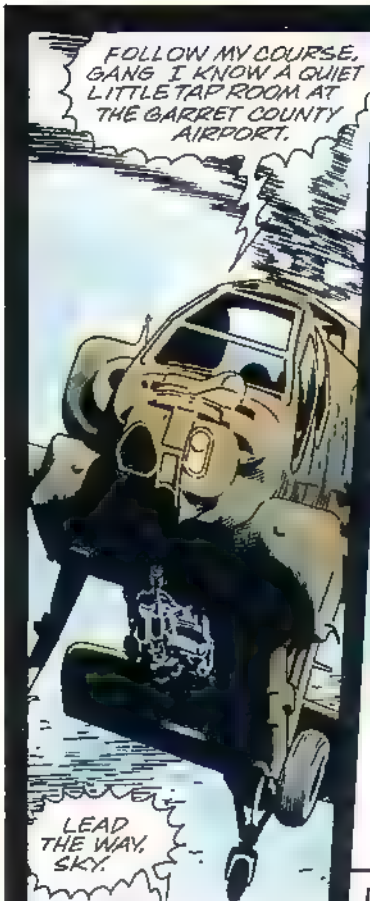
S-SURE.

Uh... CAN I ASK... I  
MEAN, I GOTTA  
TELL HIS MOM...  
Uh, WHAT HAP-  
PENED TO DENNIS'  
BODY? I MEAN...  
FOR THE  
FUNERAL, AND  
ALL?

DON'T WORRY.  
MANSFIELD'S LOOKING  
AFTER THINGS. NELSON  
AVIATION TAKES CARE  
OF ITS OWN.

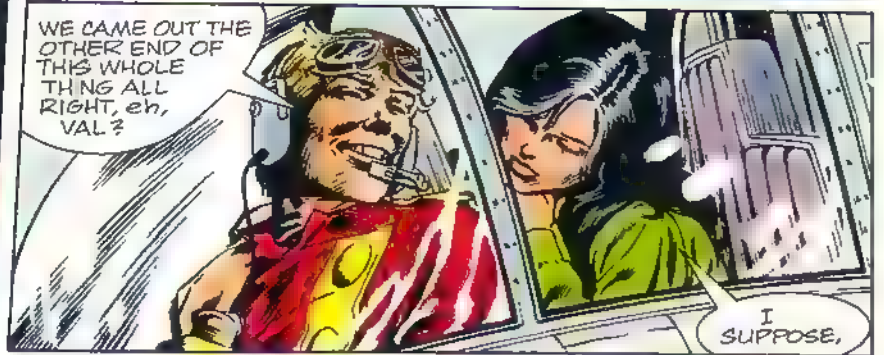
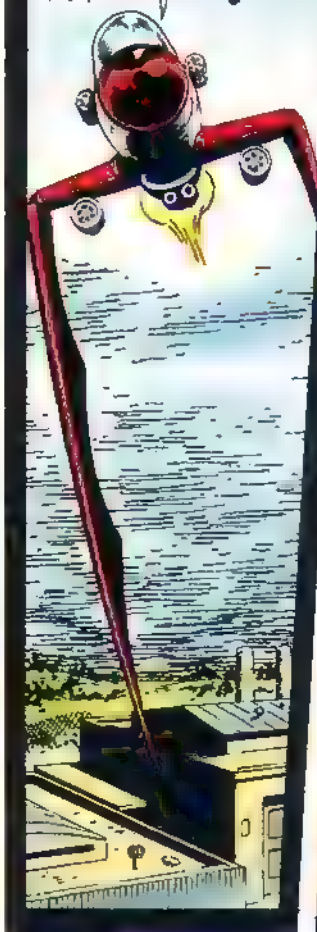
"MAN" Trashes  
Cherry Hill





FOLLOW MY COURSE, GANG. I KNOW A QUIET LITTLE TAP ROOM AT THE GARRET COUNTY AIRPORT.

LEAD THE WAY, SKY.



WE CAME OUT THE OTHER END OF THIS WHOLE THING ALL RIGHT, eh, VAL?

I SUPPOSE,



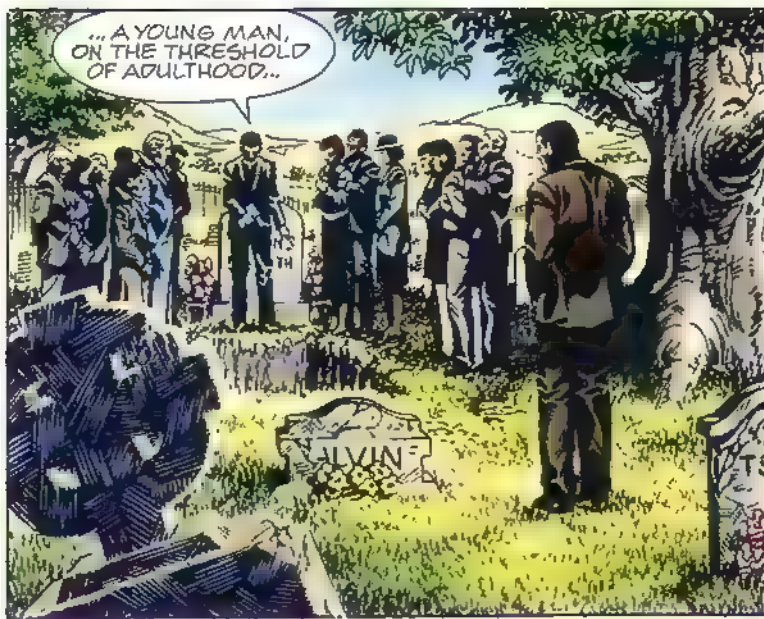
IT'S AMAZING THAT WE WERE A PART OF SAVING ALL OF EXISTENCE. WE MADE A DIFFERENCE, DIDN'T WE, DAVY?

SURE THING, VAL.

THAT MAKES ME FEEL LESS...

...INSIGNIFICANT.



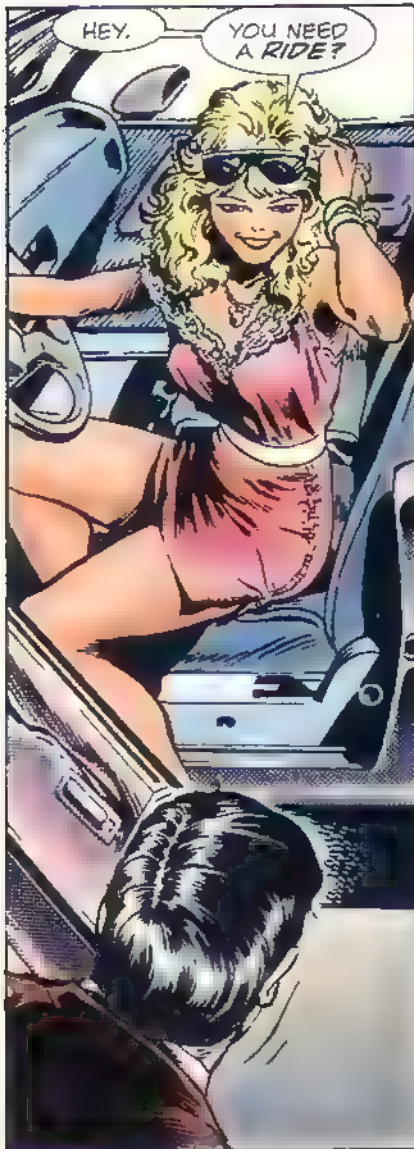


...A YOUNG MAN,  
ON THE THRESHOLD  
OF ADULTHOOD...



...AN EXCEPTIONAL STUDENT,  
WHOSE PROMISING ACADEMIC  
CAREER WAS...

AW, WHAT'S  
THE  
USE?



HEY.

YOU NEED  
A RIDE?



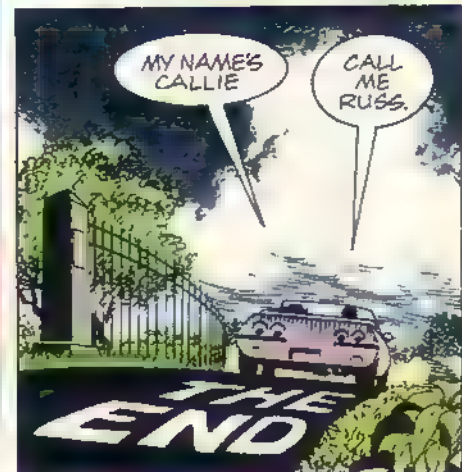
DO ALL  
THE GIRLS DRESS  
LIKE YOU THESE  
DAYS?

THESE  
DAYS?

YEAH, I  
GUESS SO



MAYBE THINGS AREN'T  
GOING TO BE SO BAD  
AFTER ALL.



MY NAMES  
CALLIE

CALL  
ME  
RUSS.



# Ten Years Later

Like 1978 with our first graphic album, 1981 with our first magazine, and 1982 with our first color comic book, 1985 brought with it a new direction for Eclipse.

Adding the comics published by the defunct Pacific Comics to our existing line-up nearly doubled our output. There were also a few titles Pacific hoped to publish, but which for one reason or another didn't get off the ground. Three of the most interesting creations, as it turned out, were all written and illustrated in England.

The British Invasion was just gaining momentum in America. Britain's blossoming comics field coincided with the strongest U.S. dollar in history. The net result found American publishers looking for British creators and British creators looking for American publishers.

And so it was off to London for me in March 1985 to meet with the creators of the revived *Miraclemans*, Alan Moore and Garry Leach; Steve (Pedro Henry) Moore and Steve Dillon of *Axel Pressbutton* fame; and Pete Milligan, Brendan McCarthy, and Brett Ewins, whose *Strange Days* comic introduced Johnny Nemo and Paradax. In the course of working out contractual deals to bring all of these wonderful comics to America, I discovered that British pubs are open odd hours. I never did quite get the hang of it, but it seemed to me that the pubs opened in the morning, closed in mid-afternoon, only to re-open again later in the day. As I say, I didn't quite get the hang of it, and I found myself having warm pints and talking contract points at the strangest hours.

One of the highlights of my visit was dinner at the home of John and Liliana Bolton. I had known John through phone conversations for many years and it was a pleasure to put the voice and face together. John, as everyone knows, draws in a wonderfully classic style; I half expected to see some of his paintings next to the Turner watercolors in the British Museum. I had always pictured John to be one of those nineteenth century artists, and he is, I'm glad to say! What surprised me, however, were the delightful art deco furnishings in John and Liliana's home. I'm not quite sure what I expected; I think late Victorian or art nouveau



by Dean Mullaney



surroundings. Certainly not the type of art deco furniture I had spent days looking for in Islington antique stores. At last I knew why I wasn't able to find any good pieces available—the Boltons had already bought them!

Vacations—even working vacations—never last forever, and I returned with agreements in hand to publish *Miracleman* and the other series.

Simultaneously, we had other new projects in the works, certainly the most important of which was Timothy Truman's *Scout*. We met Tim at least a year before he proposed the series to us, when he was out visiting his long-time buddy from their Kubert School days, our neighbor Tom Yeates. The result of that first meeting was a one-shot we published called *Killer Tales by Timothy Truman*. It included some stories Tim drew while working for TSR, and also contained the last story written by the great Gardner Fox, which Tim had a blast working on.

And so when Tim called us up a year or so later and asked if we were interested in publishing his new creation *Marauder: 1999*, we said “sure.” The name was eventually changed to the now familiar *Scout*.

Tim attends a lot of comics conventions each year and I hope many of you have met him. If you have, you know what I'm about to say; if you haven't, you've got a treat to look forward to. When the bad guys have you outnumbered and trapped in a dark alley, Tim's one of those guys you'd want to have at your back. Not that he's really the rough and tough guy you'd think he was from reading his comics; no, it's his friendship, his loyalty, and his dedication that makes the man.

*Scout*, needless to say, was a hit from the start, and we've all enjoyed ourselves ever since.

With so many titles in production each month, Cat, Sean, Jan, and I were feeling the crunch. We needed more people on staff and first turned to a friend of Jan's from the music business, Bruce Palley, to take over some of the accounting and business management duties. Among other things, Bruce was a tour accountant for the Rolling Stones, and dealt with bands

like Def Leppard. Business management may not be the most glamorous job in the comics industry, but when you consider how many comics companies have come and gone during the ten years Eclipse has been publishing, I think you'll appreciate how important it is. At any rate, it wasn't long before Bruce became a vice president in the company. I don't know when he finds the time to sample them all, but Bruce appears to know every good restaurant between Fort Lee, New Jersey and the east side of Manhattan. To watch Bruce raise his eyebrows and nod his head in approval once the appetizers meet his standards is certainly a joy in itself.

Another important part of the Eclipse equation came our way through a combination of Coca-Cola and a neon sign. Beginning in the mid-1980s, the Chicago Comics Con and the Dallas Con were held on the same (July 4th) weekend. Since Cat and I don't have the superpower enabling us to be two places at once, we usually split up for the conventions and meet afterwards to take our summer vacation.

In 1984, Cat went to Dallas while I headed up to Chicago. The organizers of the Dallas con are among the nicest, friendliest people in the country. There are always gofers running around asking if you need anything, if you're having a good time, and all the sort of things big, friendly Texas people ask you. Well, at this convention, an eager and energetic young fan whom we had met the year before volunteered to get Cat some Coke and then stand watch over the famous Eclipse neon sign while she took a look through the dealers' room. When she returned, the young man was giving portfolio hints to an aspiring fan artist, and referring to Eclipse as “us,” which impressed Cat so much that she offered to pay him to help her out at the con. Being a friendly Texan, the kid refused any payment, but asked if he could come out and work as an intern in the editorial department.

Getting his future boss a Coke may not be the most novel way to enter the comics business, but it certainly worked for Fred Burke, who five years later



is—in addition to editing Clive Barker's *Tapping the Vein*, scripting scores of Japanese manga, and the creator of *phaze*—the editor of *Total Eclipse*! Now Fred has his own legion of fans who bring him Cokes when he returns to his native Texas for the Dallas con!

To meet the demands of a constantly increasing schedule of comics, we brought in a number of people who remain good friends even in their positions elsewhere. Former editor David Allen is now the managing editor of the Rohnert Park (California) *Clarion*; former sales manager Jim Friel is an integral part of the Capital City Distribution team; and former assistant Beppe Sabatini continues to create memorable new comics stories.

When January 1986 rolled around it looked like another great year. Don Chin, whom we had met at a few conventions over the years, came to us with a new comic he created entitled *Adolescent Radioactive Black Belt Hamsters*, a parody of *Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*, itself a parody of a number of then current fads and hits, in particular Frank Miller's *Ronin*. Don was selling parody strips to *Cracked Magazine* and ARBBH was a natural outgrowth of that. The idea of a parody of a parody cracked us up. It cracked up mostly everyone else, too, because it became a surprise monster hit. It seems odd to me that Don's *Hamsters* set off such an incredible craze for black-and-white parody comics, a craze that lasted way too long. At the time, the *Turtles* were already an established sensation, but it wasn't until a while after the first *Hamster* issue that the fad developed. Who would have guessed...?

Months later, Don discovered something else of interest to us in the Eclipse office. Don lives up in Eureka, California, about twice as far north from here as we are from San Francisco. One evening, returning from a concert in the City, Don stayed over at our place. Like a good guest, he brought a sleeping bag with him just in case. When he unzipped the nylon bag, Bob the Cat completely flipped out and tried to run right through the glass back door! It took us a

while to figure out that it was the nylon that drove Bob berserk, nylon that (to him) sounded like raging water. You see, we found Bob after the great Guerneville flood, in which he was trapped in a flooded house for nearly a week.

Ah yes, the flood! By mid-January, the daily rains in northern California had become a way of life. After a few weeks we felt like we were living through that Ray Bradbury story in *The Illustrated Man* about the planet of never-ending rain. Finally, on Valentine's Day, all hell—and the dam upstream—let loose, and our entire town flooded. The story of that flood—in which we lost homes, most of our worldly possessions, and the entire Eclipse comic book inventory—has been recounted elsewhere, particularly in the "Penumbra" column that appears on the inside front cover of most of our comics.

I'll spare you the details of Sean and I wading through our respective houses, waist-deep in muddy water, or of Cat waiting for the Red Cross canoe to rescue her from our office, or of people rowing down the aisles of the Safeway supermarket, picking up canned food for over 1,000 stranded townspeople. The flood and its aftermath set us back tremendously. With the help of many, many people, including Tom Yeates, Lela Dowling, Ken Macklin, Tim Truman, and Mark Evanier, we picked ourselves up and by mid-July, hit the stands with the first issues of our latest innovation: bi-weekly comics!

*Airboy* and *The New Wave* debuted that summer and started our working relationship and friendship with *Airboy* scripter Chuck Dixon. Remember what I said about Tim Truman earlier? Well, the same applies to Chuck. There are few people I've ever met who I can unequivocally say are the kind I'd want with me in that dangerous dark alley. The 4Winds duo (does that make them 2Winds?) are among them. Chuck and Tim's first *Airboy* storyline remains, I believe, one of the best stories I've ever published. In fact, we'll be repackaging those first five issues in a deluxe graphic album in June so it will be preserved



The brothers Mullaney, with cousins and grandfather, in their grandfather's store, July 1960. Jan's at the far left, Dean at the far right. Notice the comic book rack at the bottom right.



on bookshelves forever.

One of the reasons we decided to publish *Airboy* and *The New Wave* in a bi-weekly format was to test reader response. For two years previous, I had been negotiating with various Japanese comics publishers to bring Japanese *manga* to America, and since *manga* stories run so long, I hoped to publish the English versions on a bi-weekly schedule. Encouraged by the reaction to our bi-weekly American comics, we got the negotiations with Japanese publishers into high gear.

By January 1987, Fred Burke and Letitia Glozer came on staff full-time and when the negotiations were completed to publish *Kamui*, *Mai the Psychic Girl*, and *Area 88*, they were given the editorial assignments for those books.

Letitia, as a few thousand of you already know, is Cat's half-sister, but hiring her was not just a case of rampant nepotism. As Cat explains it, she knew Letitia had the potential to be a truly great comics editor from an early age because when she went off to college, she left her *Pogo* paperbacks behind, and when she returned, Letitia had appropriated them! Seriously, though, Letitia's interest in fine art serves us well, as she edits such deluxe material as Scott Hampton's *Pigeons from Hell*, Bo Hampton's *Lost Planet*, Alan Moore and John Totleben's (soon to be Neil Gaiman and Mark Buckingham's) *Miracleman*., and such critical favorites as *The Dreamery* and *Fusion*.

The "Conceptual Editor" of *The Dreamery* and *Fusion* is Lex Nakashima. He's also the CE of an upcoming fantasy mini-series that I can't tell you about yet. Lex is to comics what Sol Hurok is to opera: he is a true impresario who conceives a vehicle in which to present the talent he admires. Both *The Dreamery* and *Fusion* have been a labor of love for Lex. There are very few things we at the Eclipse office enjoy more than a visit from Lex, Lela Dowling, and Ken Macklin. When Lex's smiling face peers in our

window, we pretty much give up the idea of working for the rest of the afternoon. Ysee, Lex, Lela, and Ken usually show up bearing cookies, fruit, salame, cheese, and party favors, and their arrival is always a great excuse to sit around chewing the food and the fat. Lex is in the process of producing a horror film being shot in the southwest, and we're anxiously looking forward to seeing production stills. When the film's released, Cat will surely let you know in the "Penumbra."

Before I get to the bottom of this page and the end of this final essay, I'd like to say a word or two about one of the more visible Eclipse people out there—Beau "LaDuke" Smith, our intrepid Sales Manager. Most of you know Beau as this tough guy, who always talks about guns and ammo, action and adventure, and beer, women, and song. But I know better. At the risk of blowing Beau's cover, I've got to tell you that he wouldn't hurt a fly. So what if he collects guns, reads *Executioner* books until the covers wear off, and thinks John Wayne was the greatest American who ever lived. Beau's a working man Democrat, of the Dixiecrat variety, and he reminds me of a cross between Sinclair Lewis' Babbitt and a hero out of Zane Grey's westerns.

I'm sure most of you will meet him on one outing or another, and when you do, pat him on the back from me for a job well done.

Well, that's all there is, folks. Thanks for taking the time to read these words, and I hope you enjoyed the *Total Eclipse* storyline Marv, Fred, and Bo brought you. I'd appreciate getting some mail from our readers, so please send it to "Total Comments" c/o Eclipse Comics. I'll be sure to read every letter you send.

Finally, since I don't write comics and therefore never get the chance to dedicate anything to anyone, here's my one big chance and I'm not going to let it slip by. This one's for my mom, for every reason you can imagine.



# WHO'S WHO IN TOTAL ECLIPSE



## The Heap

WWI flying ace Baron Von Emmelman was shot down in a swamp, becoming the original bog thing.

This marauding mallard is out for vengeance against the powerful Godcorp.

## Destroyer Duck



## Flying Dutchman

Skywolf's old ally is now trapped in Misery's dreaded Airtomb.

Smart and cunning, Bruce weilds the bo staff with the expertise of the great monk master. He drives nice sports cars in his spare time.

## Bruce



## Marlene

Valkyrie's best friend and confidante, Marlene shares a Manhattan apartment with the swashbuckling model/heroine.

The youngest of the ARBBH, Jackie would rather be watching "Pee Wee's Playhouse" than saving the universe from destruction.

## Jackie



## Bobby Soong

Bobby was Dennis Foreman's best friend before he became Strike—and tried to be, after.

The most spiritual black belt hamster, Chuck vows never to inflict physical harm to others unless the safety of loved ones is in jeopardy.

## Chuck



## Lester Mansfield

Nelson Aviation's security chief is in reality the dwarf son of Rackman.

The "original party animal" before Spuds McKenzie ever hit the scene, Clint walks short and carries a big gun—his trusty .44 Magnum!

## Clint



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## Finale!

It approaches with unbearable swiftness, as every hero—from the tiniest bean to the mightiest god—answers the call with unequalled courage. Dr. Eclipse must at last lead this strange band of allies in a race against time itself, run amok.

The gem which transformed the immortal Zzed into a being of unimaginable power appears indestructible—and deadly beyond compare. It seethes with the malignant energy of the total eclipse, which will destroy our time, our universe.

The end is near.

On earth and in the meld, this final battle presses on, as untold power, ability, and knowledge are added to the arsenal for good. But Misery and Nine-Crocodile will not die. Only the combined might of a universe's heroes can stop their unholy alliance. And billions of lives hang in the balance.

## Total Eclipse

It's Eclipse Comics' Tenth Anniversary. In this issue, you'll encounter Airboy, Valkyrie, Skywolf, Miracleman, The Prowler, Strike, the Heap, Aztec Ace and many other stars from Eclipse's first decade of innovative comics publishing.

**Marv Wolfman**, writer, is the author of *The New Teen Titans*, *Crisis on Infinite Earths*, *Tomb of Dracula*, and countless other acclaimed comic books. The Zzed saga is his most intricate plot to date.

**Bo Hampton**, pencil artist, is well-known for his detailed linework and powerful layouts in books such as *Airboy*, *Last Planet*, *Luger*, and *The New Mutants*. *Total Eclipse* is a new peak in his artistic development.

**Rick Bryant**, ink artist, has graced the pages of *Miracleman*, *Marvel Fanfare*, *Moon Knight*, and *World of Krypton*. In *Total Eclipse*, he perfectly complements Hampton's detail with his own dynamic style.

ECLIPSE  BOOKS™

